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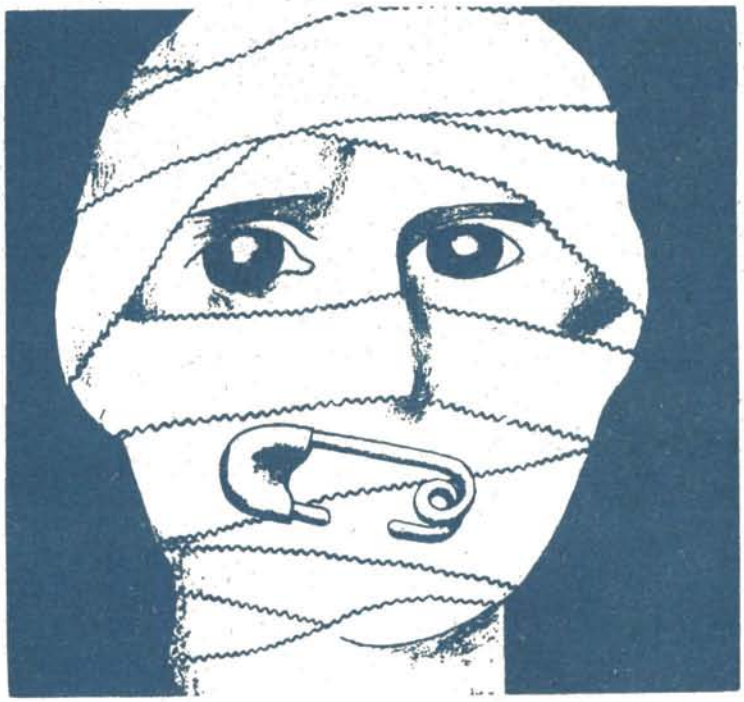
commonweal

A Musical Syllabus of Errors . . . . Or Why the Average Catholic Gets Laryngitis Every Sunday

THOMAS DAY



RODGER VAN ALLEN GOOD NEWS CONGRESS
FRANK GETLEIN CLOSING THE BUREAU DRAWER
THEODORE SNYDER A GERMAN DILE
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GERALD WEALES THE VERY HIGH COMEDY OF PHILIP BARRY
REVIEWS: RONALD I. RUBIN, NORRIS MERCHANT
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NEWS & VIEWS

Bicentennial Chips

At the height of the Vietnam war protest period, a Westchester County, N.Y., community achieved notoriety by placing the peace contingent in a Memorial Day parade at the rear of the march, following a wide-bodied fire truck. The fire truck dragged, stopped, started, dragged along the parade route so that by the time the peace group reached the parade's destination, it was a half-hour behind the main body and too late for official memorial observances. It arrived just as these were ending and the assembly was breaking up.

The Worcester, Mass., city fathers one-upped their Westchester counterparts with the Bicentennial parade that trooped down Main Street before 150,000 spectators. They placed the maverick July Fourth Coalition contingent behind what one observer labeled "a small division of horses," with no sweeper in between, though there were sweepers of course to clear the way for other groups.

Thus to the great glee of the city fathers, and minimum protest from the public (a single letter of complaint in the Worcester's *Catholic Free Press*), coalition members were forced to march "around, over and sometimes in what those great patriotic beasts left behind."

Funny as the deuce. . . . And it's what breeds anti-establishmentism.

Gunners Against Carter

The gun lobby is growing more nervous by the day over the prospect of a Jimmy Carter presidency.

Neal Knox, editor of *Rifle* magazine, warns in the July-August issue that the election of Carter could lead to serious difficulties for sportsmen and gun owners.

Carter's for a ban on "Saturday Night Specials" and wants handgun registration—which isn't too bad, maybe, for gun enthusiasts.

But some of Carter's supporters! Ouch. One is a board member of several anti-gun, anti-hunting organizations, notes Knox, and another helped found the new National Gun Control Center, an organization dedicated to the total ban on handguns.

The latter is Morris Dees, Carter's chief fund raiser. He's quoted by Knox as saying, "within five years we'll break the National Rifle Association."

To make matters worse, he's the guy, says Knox, who scuttlebutt has becoming, Carter's U.S. Attorney General.

Gun Week, no less upset than *Rifle*, played Knox's warnings prominently in a July issue.

It's enough almost to make Jerry Ford a Jimmy Carter supporter.

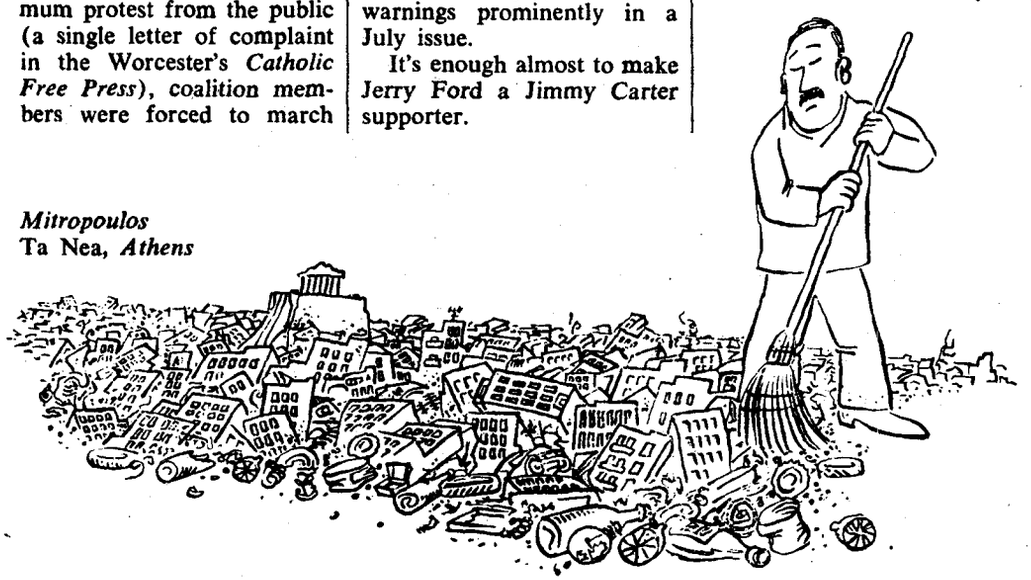
Clergy Shortages

In Durban, South Africa, the Archdiocesan Council has taken a position in favor of admitting married men to the priesthood. At the same time, the 300-member Council, comprising laity and clergy, asked Pope Paul to consider readmitting to the active ministry those priests who have married. The actions were taken "in view of a current shortage of priests."

Meanwhile, back in Chicago, the archdiocese with the most seminarians in the world anticipates a shortage of priests somewhere off in the future and is meeting now on the problem.

(A study indicates that there will be 150 fewer diocesan priests actively ministering in the Archdiocese of Chicago by 1983, a development that would reduce the number of diocesan priests from its present listed figure of 1,038 to some 888.)

A petition for married priests does not seem to be in Chicago's tomorrow, however. According to news stories, possible solutions to the expected clergy shortage center on the consolidation of parishes and priests' duties; having lay persons or permanent deacons take over some specialized ministries now performed by priests; making more use of religious women, deacons and laity in parochial ministries; reactivating resigned priests; raising the retirement age; and that long, long shot—the ordination of women, which seems a much less realistic alternative at the moment, however worthy, than the reactivating of priests who married.



Mitropoulos
Ta Nea, *Athens*

Lucky Jerry

David Broder's wrap-up paragraph in his *Washington Post* column dealing with Ronald Reagan's "Schweiker miscalculation":

"For now, let it just be noted that, once again, Jerry Ford has shown himself one of the luckiest politicians in America. Bad things happen to those who stand in his way. If I were Jimmy Carter down in Plains, I'd watch out for alligators."

Odds and Ends

— In the Italian newsmagazine *Il Mondo*, old Rome hand Desmond O'Grady speculates on Pope Paul VI's successor: ". . . Cardinal Sebastiano Baggio, who has never taken a false step in his ecclesiastical career. He did not even participate in Vatican II, being the Papal Nuncio in Canada."

— "Unfortunately, we did not know the significance of the date at the time," Eucharistic Congress executive secretary Msgr. Walter Conway said in the *New York Times* of the scheduling of a liturgy for U.S. military personnel on the 31st anniversary of the A-bombing of Hiroshima by U.S. military. Maybe so. On the other hand, the contretemps was not discovered so late as to be uncorrectable. The Summer issue of the *Catholic Peace Fellowship Bulletin* was already on record with story and denouement: "Despite letters of protest from many prominent Catholics, the Planning Committee for the Eucharistic Congress has refused to alter the schedule."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Saving Graces

Silver Springs, Md.

To the Editors: James T. Baker's article "Jimmy Carter's Religion" [July 1] was one of the most perceptive and balanced of the many articles I have read during the last few months on the same topic. At the risk of sounding like a pedant, I would like to correct two minor factual errors. First, Richard Nixon, in a 1967 article in Billy Graham's magazine *Decision,* did claim to have been saved at a fundamentalist tent rally in his youth. His father was a Bible-thumping Methodist of the kind now out of fashion in Methodism, while his mother was an evangelical Quaker.

Secondly, the hymn "Amazing Grace," though adored certainly by many Baptists, is in no way a Baptist hymn. Its author, John Newton, was an 18th-century slave-ship captain who was converted from his evil ways in 1748 and ordained to the ministry of the Church of England in 1764, being assigned as curate to the village of Olney. While there he wrote 283 hymns, of which "Amazing Grace," written in 1779, is one. The hymn is a product of Evangelical-Anglicanism.

ALBERT J. MENENDEZ
Assistant Editor,
Church & State

No African Policy

Riverdale, N.Y.

To the Editors: The Angolan crisis brought home to the Americans and indeed to the whole world the fact that the United States had no African policy. In fact, the United States had nothing but contempt for Africa. In the almost eight years that Dr. Henry Kissinger has been in charge of United States Foreign Policy, he has visited Europe, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East, and not once did he think it was necessary to pay at least a courtesy call to Africa until the

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THE CATHOLIC ISSUES

The so-called "religious issue" for American Catholics has moved into phase two: What kind of a constructive role can the Catholic community play in stressing the truly important issues and determining the outcome of the election?

First, the discussion should *not* be conducted—as it has in the political columns and in the Catholic press so far—on whether Jimmy Carter has a "Catholic problem." Carter, it is charged, because he did not keep the no-constitutional-amendment plank out of the platform, is soft on abortion—in spite of his promise to use the powers of his office to minimize the number of abortions. He has offended what Rev. Andrew Greeley calls "Cardinal Cooke's constituency." He took a crack at rich people who send their children to private schools—although there is no reason to believe this was a reference to parochial schools. He is from the deep South, an area some Catholics still associate with the Ku Klux Klan. Meanwhile, he identifies with urban blacks who are threatening to white ethnic Catholics. He is cool to Teddy Kennedy who is cool to him. He pronounced Italians "EYE-talians."

If this is the substance of the Carter-Catholic problem, American Catholics are less politically sophisticated than even their critics imagine. The measure of any group's political maturity is its ability to make a major judgment, such as supporting a presidential candidate, not on the basis of narrow, one-issue interest but on the interrelationship of several issues and their effect on the common welfare. Abortion policy is a moral issue and church leaders should address it. Yet, to deal with this one issue as if it were *the* Catholic issue—the "price" of the "Catholic vote"—is an insult.

For example, there was a bad moment at the end of the recent Eu-

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charistic Congress. When President Gerald R. Ford, in his pre-liturgy address to 100,000 worshippers (voters) said, "I share your appreciation [his text read "apprehension"] about increased irreverence for life," he received prolonged applause. This was Ford's implied opposition to abortion. He was throwing Catholics a bone. A Philadelphia monsignor picked it up: "Politically, it put him in, or at least certainly advanced him. It endeared him to the bishops and the people." This in spite of the fact that President Ford does *not* favor a constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion. Meanwhile, his remarks on the importance of the family were but me-too echoes of a talk Carter gave in New Hampshire, which itself—with the appointment of Catholic Joseph A. Califano, Jr., as special advisor on federal family policy—was a belated appeal for Catholic support.

Second, politicians' "Catholic Problems" are not resolved by gestures, like making Catholics vice-presidential nominees. Politicians who happen to be Catholics do not have national Catholic constituencies who follow them to the ballot boxes. Nor does Cardinal Cooke have a "constitutency" in the political sense, any more than the Pope—in Stalin's phrase—has "divisions" he can send into war.

Sometimes gestures help. They are effective in so far as they sincerely communicate the candidate's concern for an issue. Thus Robert Kennedy once shared the Eucharist with Cesar Chavez. So too Ford and Carter might do well to associate themselves with or consult Catholic leaders and Catholic intellectuals. But if these meetings do not symbolize the candidates' commitment, or at least openness, to the social-moral issues these men and women represent, the candidates' hypocrisy will be obvious to all.

Third, the tragedy is that there are many authentically Catholic issues burning to be confronted in their religious and social dimensions by both the church and the candidates. Unfortunately, abortion is the only one church leaders and most of the Catholic press really push—perhaps because, in their narrow vision, it seems to have an uncomplicated solution.

The other issues are summed up in the presence and addresses at the Eucharistic Congress of Mother Teresa, Dorothy Day, Dom Helder Camara, Father Pedro Arrupe, S.J., and Bishop James Rausch, and in the testimony of Bishop James Malone on behalf of the U.S. Catholic Conference to both the Democratic and Republican platform committees. They include: the "right to eat," the redistribution of land ownership, policies to promote more food production, and comprehensive overseas food aid policy, a universal mandatory health insurance plan, full employment, inner-city rehabilitation, regulation of multi-national corporations, housing aid to moderate- and low-income families, strong handgun control, an end to capital punishment, and an end to the arms race which is a violation of the rights of the world's poor. Most of these are in the Democratic platform, but the bishops didn't like one item in the Democratic platform and boycotted the convention. At the Republican convention a Catholic bishop is scheduled to give the final blessing.

WASHINGTON REPORT

CLOSING THE BUREAU DRAWER

Can we afford the FBI?

It's an interesting question that hasn't quite been asked yet but is certainly overdue.

The question has been asked about the CIA and the answer at the moment seems to be, yes, we still can, at least for a little bit. We get such a kick out of the vision of "our guys," as we rather naively think of them, outwitting "their guys," in the purlieus of Berlin, Lisbon, Havana, Vienna, Istanbul and Constantinople that the rather more realistic vision of Richard Helms hunched over his little tea-kettle steaming open Bella Abzug's letter to her constituents is a small price to pay. At least for now.

That's fair enough. After all, Howard Hunt, in training to be a CIA burglar against the United States Constitution, did, at least, do something or other against the dread Castro. Castro, after all, had committed the ideological sin of closing the U.S. free enterprises of brothels and casinos in Havana. Is nothing sacred?

While the CIA was doing the dirty on Bella's mailings and similar matters, the FBI was inventing conspiracies against Kissinger among others, operating a burglary ring against the Socialists and, most telling of all, conducting a financial rip-off against its own agents.

Alleged, alleged, alleged, of course, and everyone's innocent until proven guilty, a precept the FBI would be more convincing invoking now had the bureau ever remotely honored it in its PR treatment of hundreds of authentic criminals, imaginary conspirators and people guilty of having social ideas in advance of those of J. Edgar Hoover, which didn't take an awful lot of advancing to be.

The cream of the jest about the FBI these days is the internal rip-off, the charge—alleged certainly not yet proven,—that high-ranking officials were stealing money from low-ranking agents in the golden age of J. Edgar, who selected the high-rankers and told them good hunting.

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Somehow, it all fits in with everything we know about anti-Communism in America. What has been true about the majority of individual anti-Communist legislators, orators, what you will, is now revealed as apparently true about the premier anti-Communist institution in the country; namely, when somebody tells you he is a rip-snorting anti-Communist out to save you from the dread peril of the godless atheists, put your hand on your wallet.

With all the sociological studies and surveys going on in this country, most of them at government expense one way or another, it is astounding that somebody hasn't at least applied for a grant to figure out why it is that the cause of anti-Communism attracts so many crooks; or, contrariwise, why the cause of crookedness attracts so many anti-Communists; or, one of several remaining mathematical alternatives, why so many folk who begin as anti-Communists end up in jail.

It is a distinguished roster, when you think of it. Joe McCarthy should lead the list, not merely because of all those wildly false charges, but even more because of his shady dealings in sugar and the now-forgotten Lustron House.

Poor old J. Parnell Thomas and Tom Dodd, whose finest hour was being considered, inexplicably, for Lyndon Johnson's running mate in 1964, raised their voices against the Red Peril, lowered their fingers into the till, got caught at it, had up for it and punished, Parnell to the pokey, Dodd to reprimand by his peers in the Senate and retirement in a kind of gentle disgrace. Dodd's great contribution to the social phenomenon of anti-Communism as embezzlement was a word: he described what he had been up to as a "commingling" of funds, conjuring images of the Missouri entering the Big Muddy, Julia Child running up a cassolette, anything, in fact, except pocketing the pilferage and sidling out the door.

Even though he never will serve time for crime, Richard Nixon, of course, takes the prize in the field: by far the most successful practitioner of anti-Communism as political snake-oil, by far the most ambitious and, on balance, most successful anti-Communist looter of public till, grifter off the private gull. The real estate deals alone showed a class you don't get in J. Parnell Thomas. (Incidentally, the whole fashionable notion of "Sun Belt" politics takes on a different shade of sunlight when you remember that our Sun Belt has its terminals in Key Biscayne and San Clemente.)

With all that background—we have touched above on only a few random highlights—it is heartening rather than the reverse to learn that in all probability the super-agents at the FBI have been leeching off the ordinary agents, looting the welfare funds just like any old-style union gangster. Underneath it all, apparently, good old J. Edgar had a lot in common with Jimmy Hoffa.

The reason it is good to find out that the G in G-Man stands for Gimmee is that it completes the pattern, shows there is order in the universe and life has a meaning. If all those anti-Communists were crooks, it would have required an Einstein of sociology to explain why the nation's oldest established institution of anti-Communism wasn't crooked, too. This makes things easier all around.

The new development also completes the inner pattern of the FBI itself. J. Edgar got his start working for Wilson's Attorney-General, A. Mitchell Palmer. Palmer did not quite invent the Red Scare, but he was certainly the first American politician to try to parlay it into the presidency. He didn't make it, but he set the precedent to be followed by many others, finally fulfilled by Nixon. Hoover, having organized Palmer's raids against radicals—and incidentally against the Constitution—was tapped for the FBI when it was created in the wake of the scandals of the Harding administration. The idea was that the bureau would be above political influence: in a sense it was, of course, the influence all working the other way.

At any rate, all these strands have now been wound up. Palmer's anti-Communist drive for the presidency has been completed by Nixon, will almost certainly never be attempted again. The FBI has been apparently burglarizing itself as well as the Socialists, thus cashing in the honest-government insurance policy it was created to provide. Thanks to the assiduous teachings of Dr. Kissinger even the likes of Jerry Ford can recognize what the rest of us get from the front page, that there is no such thing as "Communism": there's a whole bunch of them. As a nation, we no longer think the Blue Cross is a Communist conspiracy. Politicians can even advocate an adequate health insurance plan without being denounced as agents of the Kremlin.

Granted all that, do we still need the FBI? Probably not. It has performed its historic task, given us a lot of laughs over the years, but we don't really have to watch that number all over again. We know the gag-lines and how the story turns out. Why not pack it in?

The big political word these days, in both parties, is decentralization, giving more of the government back to the states. The FBI ought to be a prime target, number one on the list, to parcel out to the states, perhaps with a data bank kept on here as a tool of the state bureaus, perhaps not, depending on how uppity it got.

We really can't afford another J. Edgar. His bureau used computers, of course, but if the old maniac had been brought up on computers, understood them the way he did baseball and horse-racing, say, we'd be in trouble. We'd be in a police state is what we'd be in.

The building on Pennsylvania Avenue, of course, is unfortunate. Short of a direct nuclear hit, there doesn't seem much to be done. On the other hand, nearby Fairfax County is threatening to make the District govern-

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ment get its prison for young people, Lorton Reformatory, out of the County. Interior arrangements might need change, but in spirit, certainly, the J. Edgar Hoover building is perfect for the purpose. It looks like a prison and a tough one, too.

As a memory of the FBI, we might rename it for the man who made it all possible by making the bureau the communion of saints we so astoundingly thought it: John Dillinger.

FRANK GETLEIN

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FROM PHILADELPHIA

GOOD NEWS CONGRESS

The first Eucharistic Congress was held in Lille, France, in 1881. It was conceived by Marie Tamisier, a French laywoman. Seeing how leading people gathered for legal, political, medical and scientific congresses, she concluded that an instructional and inspirational assembly in honor of the Eucharist would be important in itself and a worthwhile symbol to the world. Forty such Congresses have followed that first meeting in Lille. The most recent have been in Bombay in 1964, Bogota in 1968 and Melbourne in 1973. These recent Congresses have been concerned with understanding the essential link between the Eucharist and life. Pope Paul himself attended in Bombay and Bogota.

It had been hoped Pope Paul would attend the 41st International Eucharistic Congress in Philadelphia. It was decisively settled several weeks ago, however, that he would not. The United States had hosted one previous Congress in Chicago in 1926. It was the largest religious assembly ever held in the U. S. and symbolized the strong presence of Catholics in this country at a time when one journal could record the event under the title "Alien Piety in Chicago."

Such an atmosphere was gone in 1976, however, and with it the need for a muscular Catholic rally. What character, then, would the Philidelphia gathering assume? Philadelphia has long been regarded as a citadel of conservative Catholicism. The idea of an International Eucharistic Congress there did not sound hopeful or exciting to a number of observers. Would it result in an unnecessary exercise in triumphalism, with a big price tag, and little meaning?

It did not. Within its focus, it was quite successful, and worthwhile. The Eucharistic emphasis formed a strong basis for unity, and the social justice thrust provided a territory where post-Conciliar Catholicism has been most progressive in its teaching, and where authentic needs could be approached. All this proceeded with strong formal participation by women, charismatics and couples associated with Marriage Encounter, all of whom abounded at the Congress. Ethnics were in great numbers too, but their participation seemed mainly focused around their own particular liturgical celebrations.

The theme for the Congress was well-chosen: the Eucharist and the Hungers of the Human Family. Successive days treated the hunger for God, bread, freedom and justice, the Spirit, truth, understanding, peace, and Jesus the bread of life. The official Congress literature attributed the theme to the suggestion of Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen, but other sources indicated that an editorial by Philip Scharper in *Maryknoll* was also quite influential. Maryknoll gave 20,000 copies of that 1974 issue to the Archdiocese of Philadelphia without charge.

To the Congress and its theme came the remarkably diverse elements in the Church. The most obvious example of this diversity was in the array of more than 700 exhibitors represented. They included the Blue Army of Our Lady of Fatima, Bread for the World, the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation, the Catholic Peace Fellowship, Catholics United for the Faith, the Cause for Padre Pio, Czech Catholics of Texas, etc. In all, it was an incredible collection of groups, a few purely commercial, but not many. There was the diversity of 27 national, racial and ethnic groups. Further, there was the diversity in the affiliated events by such groups as Charismatic Renewal, the National Association of Women Religious, Pax Christi, Marriage Encounter, etc.

There were two main poles of orientation among the participating groups and indeed among the individual participants themselves. Some gravitated toward a social action orientation; their discourse was more analytical; their goals rather clear and specific, typically incorporating structural change in society. Others gravitated toward a more personal orientation; their discourse was in terms of feelings that they had; their goal was to share an experience. They gave no evidence of a direct concern with structural change in society.

Placing the topic of literal hunger on the first working day of the Congress was appropriate and sobering to those who may have viewed the Congress as simply a tourist gathering. Pedro Arrupe, Superior General of the Jesuits, Tanzanian Bishop James Sangu, American Bishop James Rausch and others delivered thoughtful and blunt papers, which stressed the need for personal *and* structural change, a stepping back from consumerism as a lifestyle and a stepping forward into concerned political action. This dual emphasis on the personal and the structural was one that ran throughout the Congress sessions and challenged

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the established orientations of those attending. It was one of the most notable achievements of the Congress.

Of all the topics presented and all the speakers at the Congress, I believe that the focus on hunger, justice and freedom, and women, and the contributions of Dom Helder Camara, Mother Teresa of Calcutta, and Dorothy Day were pivotal.

Dom Helder, the Archbishop of Olinda-Recife, Brazil, and Mother Teresa spoke in succession in the conference on justice and freedom and together they created the most electric moments of the Congress. Dom Helder, the 67-year-old, five-foot three-inch, 118-pound spokesman for the Third World, had warmed up at an hour-long press conference which preceded his address. At the end of the question and answer session, Sargent Shriver, who had listened attentively with the press, remarked to me that he'd like to see Dom Helder meet with Frank Church and his Senate committee on multinational corporations. One can understand why the Brazilian government regards Camara as such a threat that it has barred his voice and message from newspapers, television and radio. Though not completely at ease in English, he was still the most powerful speaker at the Congress. Discarding his prepared text, which called for the "retaking" of Medellin and Vatican II, he held the audience as did no other speaker but Mother Teresa. Personal conversion must open one's eyes to social injustice. Structures of injustices must be confronted. Pockets of poverty in the U. S. can reveal the Third World situation. Prayer and action, love and justice must go together.

He praised the regional hearings on Liberty and Justice for All sponsored by the U. S. Bishops' Conference and expressed the hope they might lead to a Congress for the Americas. He praised the Appalachian Bishops' pastoral letter, and praised the Eucharistic Congress itself for its timely theme. "We have many good statements," he said, "now we must . . ." and he gestured by rolling up his sleeves to the audience. Then, he added, "At this point let me pause to kiss the two hands of Mother Teresa."

This gesture beautifully summed up the Congress. The joining together of Dom Helder's incisive analysis of social structures with the radical personal witness of Mother Teresa was the message of this gathering.

Dorothy Day teamed with Mother Teresa toward the close of the Congress at the session on women, where they served as respondents to a capable paper by Sister Angelita Myerscough. Dorothy stressed penance, and was one of the few speakers to do this. Penance was needed for our proliferating of nuclear armaments, and penance was needed that the poor might truly be remembered.

The Congress had its pageantry. It opened with a Parade of Nations, and a dramatic candlelight Eucharistic procession of 300,000 persons. It closed with a rainswept final Mass and procession of 100,000 persons, which was addressed by Pope Paul via satellite and President Ford who attended. A 1200-member choir and 200-piece orchestra were especially assembled for the Congress. Liturgies were conducted in nearly two dozen languages during the Congress, and in five different rites. Liturgical art and music by hundreds of artists were a part of the Congress which also included 27 performing arts programs. More than 700 national and international press and media persons covered the event. But the whole affair proceeded with a remarkable informality and was executed almost exclusively by volunteer labor. When Edward Guinan of the Community for Creative Non-Violence seized the microphone on the opening day to ask for support for a protest of the military mass being celebrated inadvertently on the anniversary of Hiroshima, no one muscled him, lots of people applauded, and a fraternal spirit continued. It was expected that the Congress would operate at a deficit of about one million dollars, but John Connelly, a wealthy Philadelphia Catholic, made a contribution during the Congress which will offset that.

The Congress has been an inspirational and instructional assembly just as Marie Tamisier had hoped such events would be. It has rather effectviely linked the Eucharist and life as has been the aim of recent Congresses. The Real Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist was related to the real presence of Christ in the world. A diverse Catholic community interacted in a way which may have brought the beginnings of a fresh decision about its identity and vocation. Dom Helder Camara ended his address by stating that like Martin Luther King, Jr., he too had a dream about power of love and concern for justice. He then shared a Brazilian proverb: "When we dream alone it is only a dream. But when we dream together it is the beginning of reality." Great applause followed. The Chicago Eucharistic Congress fifty years ago was accused of being the gathering of an "alien cult." If the applause which followed Camara's conclusion meant something, perhaps this Congress really was the gathering of an "alien " cult, a meeting where persons become newly sensitized to their need to be part of a counter-culture, with a commitment to values and realities which "the world" can't afford to take seriously.

The Congress has at last shown American Catholics that the same kind of creative energies that were present at the Second Vatican Council, and the same experience of growth in community under the Spirit, are still here. It may be that this Congress has been the most important event for American Catholics since Vatican II.

RODGER VAN ALLEN

(*Rodger Van Allen is Professor of Religious Studies, Villanova University, author of* The Commonweal and American Catholicism, *and Co-Editor of* Horizons: the Journal of the College Theology Society.)

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OUR DREAM LIVES

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

Like the instincts, the collective thought patterns of the human mind are innate and inherited. They function, when the occasion arises, in more or less the same way in all of us.

—Carl G. Jung
Man and His Symbols

I read the other day in a local paper the description of a drawing now shown at a local gallery, *Bicentennial* by Peter Hooven, and I felt I was reading something out of the past. *Bicentennial,* according to the description, "is a drawing framed on an actual American flag that focuses on an odd group of characters assembled on a deacon's bench. A handbill stuck to the wall behind them reads, 'The times are dreadful, dismal, doleful, dolorous, and dollarless.' The group includes a nude girl with the Liberty Bell tattooed over her heart, and a seedy looking counter-culture type with the presidential seal tattooed on his arm. A bust of Washington with a 'WIN' button on his breast looks down on them."

This dismal view of the Bicentennial was the accepted one as we approached its celebration. We thought it ironic to celebrate our independence in an America still suffering from the guilt of Watergate and Vietnam. And, in any event, the celebration was rendered meaningless by the tawdriness and commercialism which marked its preparations.

But something strange, and quite wonderful, happened. Somehow—no one is quite sure how—like the frog turned into the prince, the Bicentennial turned into a success. All up and down the eastern seaboard, at least, people were swept by a tide of good feeling, pride, patriotism and friendliness. Some fortunate symbolic mix made them happy and hopeful. There seems to me no logical or ordered explanation. One must examine and handle the elements, one by one, as, Jung says, one must handle a dream to find its significance, if one is to find the significance of the phenomenon at all.

One person tells of starting out to dinner in New York and being so caught and captivated by a night parade, by its exuberance and creativity, and by the atmosphere of good fellowship in the sidewalk crowd, that she and her companion stayed transfixed watching for two hours.

An Ambassador's wife, who has lived under the strain of the threats of terrorism, tells of being caught up in a huge street crowd and making her way through it with other diplomats, unafraid and carefree.

A letter in a newspaper tells of a fourth of July crowd on a public beach at the National Seashore brought to their feet and joining in, when a small group gathered to ring bells and sing *The Star Spangled Banner* at two o'clock.

A sophisticated world traveler says, "Oh, yes, I went to Charlottesville, to Monticello and to Plymouth all by myself. It seemed the right thing to do."

Perhaps it was the tall ships. No one could have predicted the response to them. Photo processors now say that their arrival at Newport, in New York harbor, in Boston, was the most photographed in history. On a blistering hot day after the fourth, I took a small commercial plane out of Boston airport. As we flew over the harbor the pilot's voice over the intercom was excited. "It's misty, folks," he said, "but we may get a glimpse of the tall ships. We had a wonderful view of them coming in yesterday." Then he spotted one in full sail barely visible through the low clouds. "Look, look," he cried, "just under the wing on the right!" Then, as if to himself, "That speedboat near it must be doing thirty-five miles an hour and it's pulling right away. Look at it go!" What in that ship spoke to that man flying above it in a vehicle so much more swift and marvelous? Was it the very idea of humankind freed from plodding the earth to be propelled through space on the wings of the air? Behind and in back of the idea of flight is the sail harnessing the wind. The tall ships came sailing out of our past reminding us of what men working together with the sea and the air, with the elements, had done and were able to do.

And then there was the great unexplained popular success of the Queen. (No need to say what queen—again no one can say quite why but it is clear that only the Queen of England is symbolically meaningful to us.) What in the world did she mean to us?

It was a question I struggled with at the reception in the lovely rose-grown grounds of the British embassy. Fifteen hundred people did not seem many there. And what an assemblage! The great and near-great of official Washington; people of all races from the Commonwealth countries; admirals hung with medals; Greer Garson, Mohammed Ali, Elizabeth Taylor, an orthodox prelate all robed in somber black; a Roman Catholic cardinal emblazoned with the orders of Malta and St. Gregory. And in the midst of it all the diminutive Queen, a charmingly anachronistic figure in blue gown and blazing diamond tiara, moving pliantly erect, proffering her hand, smiling, listening graciously with real attention. At the end, a full-throated crowd singing *The Star Spangled Banner* and *God Save the Queen*. She disappeared into the huge double doors of the embassy leaving satisfied guests milling on the terrace reluctant to leave.

(Continued on page 575)

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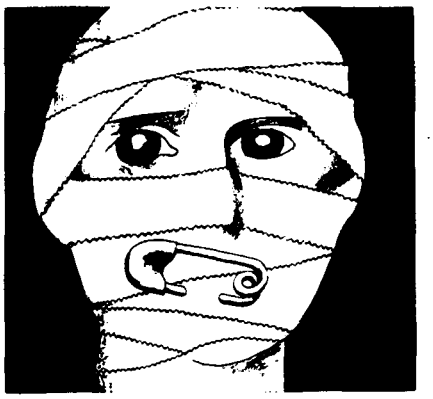
A SYLLABUS OF MUSICAL ERRORS

THOMAS DAY



Why the average Catholic gets laryngitis every Sunday

Where were the parades and speeches? The year 1975 has passed and nobody seems to remember that it marked an important anniversary. Ten years ago the parish of St. Stalwart—probably your neighborhood church—first invited the congregation to sing hymns during Mass. I suspect that there were no sentimental commemorations of that occasion a decade ago or progress reports because the faithful do not wish to be reminded that the "new" congregational singing has been around that long and still remains a monumental flop.

The following *Syllabus of Musical Errors* touches upon some of the more naive misconceptions that contribute to this epidemic of silent vocal chords in Catholic churches. The reader will notice that each proposition here presented is not followed by a roaring *anathema*, but anyone wishing to add some appropriate reaction to an item might want to groan, growl, or mutter something about the folly of the human race. Let us begin.

1. All these musical problems need some more time before they eventually disappear.

According to this theory 1965 was a bad year for congregational singing in Catholic parishes, but 1966 was a little better and by the year 2000 the rafters will shake from the joyous vocal noise from the people below.

A Christmas ago I saw this theory utterly demolished during Midnight Mass in a crowded church outside Philadelphia. About five hundred worshipers stared blankly into space when they were supposed to be singing *Silent Night*. Hymnals were provided; an enthusiastic "song leader" exhorted us mightily with gestures, and certainly everyone knew the piece. Yet *Silent Night* remained embarrassingly silent. I do not have to add that during a typical Sunday Mass with singing nearly all hymns are met with the same chilly silence. Perhaps less than 10 percent of the congregation makes a musical sound.

At first this type of congregational resistance (or shall we call it hostility) caused considerable alarm among those, myself included, who believe in the value of musical participation. In desperation some parishes scattered choir members throughout the congregation; others heard that flutes were better for accompanying people than organs. They tried just about everything except giving a bullwhip and megaphone to the "song leader." Then about three years or so ago, the mood of desperation slipped, quite unnoticed, into one of indifference. As if by some tacit, face-saving agreement between clergy and laity, the voice of the "song leader" moaning into a microphone has now become the surrogate for the congregation's voice. As long as that soloist's voice comes crooning out of the amplifiers, the congregation is presumed to be singing. What started out with such enthusiasm and good intentions a decade ago is now, in the majority of places, a perfunctory routine hurried through as quickly as possible.

Ten more years of this charmingly cynical arrangement will not improve matters. In the language of commerce, American Catholicism has produced a musical Edsel. Everybody but management senses this. Perhaps another decade will have to pass before some liturgist gets himself censured for suggesting that congregatonal

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singing be discreetly dropped where the results are still pathetic. Perhaps it will take twenty years before some wildly liberal Catholic publication dares to suggest that recitation—not singing—may be the "American way" of liturgical participation.

II. Congregational singing is the wave of the future.

The distinguished musicologist Walter Wiora once pointed out that we live in a society that is becoming more and more passive towards music. In "primitive" cultures the whole community sings or plays instruments at public occasions. In our own culture, many years ago, families and friends would sing the latest songs around the piano. In other words, people made music actively. Today the stereo and phonograph, both passive forms of entertainment, have replaced musical instruments in most households, and the family that sings together is considered, at best, eccentric.

In the last half-century we gained the long-playing recording and quadrophonic sound but we lost the barbershop quartet, the singing waiter, the singing telegram, the bouncing-ball sing-along at the movies and the Sunday musicale in the parlor. Making music actively by singing has now become such an uncomfortable experience for Americans that a celebrity has to be brought in to sing the National Anthem at sporting events. Rock, the most successful pop music today, encourages the audience to sway, swoon, and even to writhe in some sort of dionysian ecstacy, but not to sing. (When was the last time the Rolling Stones invited an audience to join them in singing a chorus or two?) Even commercial folk music now requires the audience to listen respectfully to the message rather than to sing along.

In many ways the belated introduction of so much musical participation at this time represents a nostalgic, perhaps even slightly reactionary attempt to turn back the clock to those far simpler times when people were not afraid to sing. But, to rephrase Victor Hugo, all the armies in the world cannot hold back an idea whose time is going. Yet there is hope. For the next millennium or so there are bound to be a few lingering fossils, like this writer, who actually enjoy singing in church; perhaps just one special Mass a Sunday should be set aside for us or perhaps a few select singing parishes. This is not entirely a whimsical suggestion. Certainly the present method of decreeing the singing participation of all believers is getting nowhere.

III. The older generation of Catholics is hopeless when it comes to congregational singing, but things will improve as the younger generation gradually takes over.

In Protestant denominations children learn, in Sunday School, plain bible hymns that appeal to the young. Then, when they are old enough, these youngsters go to church with their parents but they now sing the same "beloved," tried-and-true "adult" hymns their parents sing. The adults pass on to the young not only a rich repertory of music but also the underlying idea that singing is a fitting and proper way to worship.

About ten years ago, after a few liturgical fiascos, many Catholic parishes gave up on the idea of parents setting the musical example for their children. The Catholic parents who remained tight-lipped during a hymn were unconsciously telling their children that intelligent people just do not sing in public places. To remedy this situation many parishes established separate but equal services known as "Guitar Masses" or "Folk Masses" or "Masses for the Young at Heart." These liturgical happenings have been surprisingly successful but, in the long run, they cause what I call the deadly "Peter Pan Syndrome," described in the following paragraph.

Let us suppose that young Aloysius has regularly attended the parish "Guitar Mass" from his tenth birthday to his twentieth (1966-1976). During that time he never sang a standard hymn; fashions changed so frequently that the congregation at the "Guitar Mass" had to use disposable mimeographed sheets of paper. In those ten years Aloysius's pastor and teachers in Catholic schools carefully protected him from anything that resembled "adult" music—for example, a hymn more than five years old, a chorale harmonized by Bach, or (Heaven forbid!) an ageless Gregorian tune. Now the time has come for Aloysius to enter the adult world, but in the past ten years he never acquired a repertory of "beloved" hymns that will serve him for the rest of his life. He even picked up the idea that all church music, except the carbonated variety he encountered at the "Guitar Mass," represents the hypocrisy of the adult establishment. Like Peter Pan, he never grew up . . . musically, in this case.

IV. In the past ten years there has been a wonderful flowering of musical creativity in American Catholicism.

In 1965 or thereabouts something began to vegetate, to be sure, but the results have hardly been wonderful. It would seem that every third Catholic who can peck out a tune on the piano has written a folk hymn or People's Mass. If you page through the typical leaflet missal or hymnal you will notice that over half the music was written within the last ten years, mostly by people whose only creative gift is the ability to produce bathos. But the publishers were still willing to take a chance; they realize that if one—just one—of these new hymns makes the Big Time, they can collect royalties, as long as the copyright remains in force. By the same token, there is really very little money in publishing an old hymn in the public domain, even though the piece may be a gem.

One could be cruel and insinuate that publishers have on their desks a sign with the immortal words of H. L. Mencken: "Nobody ever went broke underestimating

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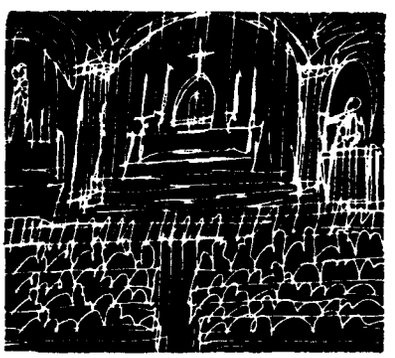
the taste of the American public." But perhaps we should put the matter charitably by saying that commercial publishers have to give the public what it wants in order to stay in business. If they have foisted on us some recently-composed hymns that are the musical equivalent of junk foods, it is because they realize that quality, like nutrition, does not always sell. Any publisher who put out a supremely tasteful hymnal consisting only of fine old hymns and outstanding music by contemporary composers (*e.g.,* Jan Vermulst's *People's Mass*) would, in plain language, lose his shirt. Certainly my experience is that the typical "liturgy planner" actually likes the with-it kitsch of some newer hymns, such as *Sons of God*. And those who miss the weeping strains of *Mother at Your Feet is Kneeling* are now finding substitute sources of drippy sentimentality in *Take Our Bread* and the music of Sebastian Temple.

With all their faults, the hymnals and missalettes published by the World Library of Sacred Music, Benziger Brothers, the Gregorian Institute and J. S. Paluch still contain music far superior to those ghastly novena



hymns of yesteryear. At least these newer publications—all intelligently edited—provide a broad spectrum of music from the best to the worst. Unfortunately, these and other responsible publishers may be squeezed out of the market by a rather disorderly crew of competitors: the zealous amateurs. In churches and chapels you often come across stacks of little xeroxed booklets put together by some amateur in "the Spirit-guided community." Usually, about half the music in one of these booklets was pirated from various sources with little regard for the copyright laws, and the other half was composed by the compiler.

Then there are the more pretentious amateur efforts. For example, the *Vatican II Hymnal* (Seattle, 1974) contains a considerable number of small typographical errors in the music—the sort of mistakes that an amateur would not catch. In addition, the musical arrangements are often so clumsy and awkward to sing, the music may sound slightly comic if sung by a choir. Yet, in spite of this, the Seattle Archdiocesan Commission on Sacred Music gave this publication its enthusiastic approval, and the editor, according to one advertisement, presented a copy of this shockingly unprofessional hymnal to the Pope.

Alas, one can only say, "Father, forgive." Most of these well-meaning amateurs just wanted to see their names in print. If the wonderful flowering of American Catholic church music has turned out to be a rather unsightly garden of weeds, we can at least console ourselves with the knowledge that a few splendid blossoms have also appeared; let us hope they are not choked out of existence by their unruly neighbors in this prolific garden.

V. Liberal Catholics want congregational singing. The conservatives are still against it.

Not long ago I telephoned a prosperous American cathedral, known for its conservatism, and asked the hours of the Sunday Masses. "Is there, by any chance," I added, "a Solemn Mass with some choral music?"

"That sort of thing is *not* done anymore," was the indignant reply. It was is if I had asked if indulgences were given away as bingo prizes.

For the puzzled reader an explanation is necessary here. "That sort of thing" means Gregorian chant, grand organ solos during Mass, nearly all independent choral music, and, in short, just about anything that a congregation cannot sing. If you think about it, this represents an astounding reversal, a superbly executed flip-flop. A decade ago "that sort of thing" used to be *Praise to the Lord* and not Gregorian chant. Who would have ever guessed in 1965 or 1966 that the conservatives would (forgive the slang) co-opt the whole congregational music scene.

For the longest time I could not understand why so many conservative clergymen took to congregational singing with such a vengeance. Why also, in the process of encouraging the people to sing, did they vigorously suppress the last vestiges of a great musical tradition in the few parishes that still maintained it? Finally, why did bishops who prided themselves on their conservatism show so little interest in conserving the best music from their religious heritage?

I have a tentative answer which will probably soon appear in an official decree with words something like this: "The pre-Vatican II methods of liturgical uniformity and conformity shall be expressed today in congregational singing. As a symbol of this conformity, the people in the pews shall join the chorus of true believers in unison song. Musical quality is irrelevant, as long as all sing together. Music that represents individualism or aestheticism (organ solos, choral masterpieces, and the like) must be looked upon with the gravest suspicion."

In other words, congregational singing—at the expense of nearly any other type of music—has become the new symbol of conformity and "triumphalism." This explanation will not sound like paranoia to many Cath-

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olics who frankly resent the musical coercion that they now encounter in church. Indeed, a number of my friends who used to be called "liberal" or "radical" Catholics are beginning to long for the old "High Church" liturgy and the better music that was supposed to go with it. At least in the old days, as they explain it, they were left alone. Now, wherever they go, they are assaulted by "song leaders" and conductor-pastors who are determined to homogenize the faithful through song.

In many ways the aggressive "song leaders" and members of diocesan Commissions on Sacred Music belong not to the radical avant-garde that leads us into the future but to the tail end of a pseudo-modern philosophy that is now being slowly discredited. This once-radical philosophy defined "new" as good and "old" as inherently bad. It taught that society (maybe even human nature) could be improved if people lived in sensible modern apartments designed by Le Corbusier and rode about on clean freeways instead of narrow streets. The adherents of this pseudo-modernism (and I never met a "liturgy planner" who wasn't one) are the sort of people who refer to any old gingerbread building as an "eyesore" that should be demolished; they rave about bleak urban renewal projects and denounce shabby but stable neighborhoods as slums in need of a bulldozer.

At the bottom of this mentality is a profoundly low opinion of people and their ability to know what is good for themselves. All too often the talk about "involving the people" in liturgy and tailoring liturgical music to fit the needs of "the community" is based on the assumption that "the people" is just a vast, sullen herd of believers in need of some spiritual and musical vitamins.

The fashionable journals on liturgy and the diocesan commissions on music are sometimes reminiscent of the legendary urban renewal experts in the 1950s who drew up elaborate plans for improving a neighborhood without ever consulting the residents or even taking a walk around the place. Since 1965, how many parishes or dioceses have bothered to consult "the people" on their musical and liturgical preferences? A good set of scientific statistics here would be very revealing. The statistics we do have show that more and more American Catholics are staying home on Sundays, and it would be interesting to know what percentage of the stay-aways could no longer force themselves to sing *Gonna Sing, My Lord* and *Take My Hands.* My own unscientific suspicion is that about 50 percent of the American Catholic population still views most congregational music as "alien," something abruptly foisted upon them by fiat; the planners and experts gave them something they never really wanted. Perhaps 20 percent heartily approve of great musical participation for the congregation but they cannot agree among themselves on what kind of music is appropriate; their range of musical preferences goes from Tasteful Anglican to Freaky Scene, and they show little willingness to compromise. Finally, perhaps as many as 30 percent of American Catholics sincerely miss the old religious music that was once part of their cultural experience and perhaps even part of their cultural identity. The new parlor game among American Catholics is to describe to one another the sense of loss they experience in church, when, for example, they hear a "song leader" drone his way through an insipid desecration of a psalm. Some just want to be reassured with a sobbing rendition of *To Jesus Heart All Burrrning,* but the experts have now decided that *Shalom, My Friend* is far superior. Others have vivid and fond memories of Gregorian chant hymns or Masses by Schubert, but they are now told that "the people" do not want to hear such things.

"Official" Catholicism has decided to ignore these few backward souls and their sentimental feelings of nostalgia. "Progressive," "liberal" Catholicism, however, has sometimes shown an almost brutal intolerance when dealing with these slackers who refuse to be utterly NOW. I offer two examples: This writer once had the privilege of hearing elderly Catholics ridiculed from the pulpit because they dared to say the rosary, when they were supposed to be singing the latest hip hymn. Recently, the chairman of a diocesan Commission on Sacred Music, who characterized himself as a liberal on matters liturgical, announced to a gathering of organists and choir directors that he would do everything in his power to make sure that folk music became *the* standard type of music used in the local Catholic parishes, since only this music generates enthusiasm. When reminded that some people prefer J.S. Bach to Joan Baez, he coldly replied that such hopeless old-timers "will simply have to get used to it," and, besides, folk music is what "the people" really want.

Let us all gasp. A few of our cherished labels have suddenly lost their meaning. Surely the world has gone mad if a "liberal" Catholic is now someone who tries to impose a strict, universal conformity to a liturgical style based on studied casualness and the Nashville Sound. Surely some members of the American Catholic hierarchy can never be called "conservative" again, since they virtually wiped out a centuries-old tradition of liturgical music; this ruthless action leaves the distinct impression that they must feel intense hostility to other aspects of their religious background as well. The time has come, therefore, to throw out all the old labels of "liberal," "conservative," etc., and find some different ones. For a start, I would like to propose a new label that will accommodate a growing but neglected portion of "the people": the "preservationists." These are the kind of individuals who say it might be better to renovate and recycle a handsome old building, rather than tear it down. They constantly remind us that a religion, as well as a city, that obliterates the landmark of its cultured history is usually left with something grim, sterile and without character. This is why they have dared to sug-

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gest that things like a Solemn High Mass—complete with Latin, incense, and angelic music—must be allowed to survive (somewhere). Because they do not measure progress by the yardstick of what has been destroyed, preservationists are often dismissed as reactionaries in league with the Catholic Traditionalist Movement.

It may sound contradictory, but the preservationists also have the distinction of being the new "non-conformists" and dangerous "liberals" who refuse to fall in step with everybody else. So many of those in authority seem genuinely frightened by the preservationist proposal that the young should learn to sing something old, like portions of the plainchant *Mass of the Angels,* as well as standard hymns and religious songs in popular style. It is now *outré* to suggest that a Sunday Mass celebrated without music was a legitimate custom with a cultural basis and should be preserved, if a congregation so wishes. Excommunication will probably be threatened for anyone who even toys with the idea that old-fashioned novenas, the Requiem Mass, Vespers in Latin, and even awful Victorian hymns (which I detest) should be kept for those who find them personally comforting.

Preservationists, I regret to report, win only a small portion of their battles. Every day another picturesque farm is turned into a bland shopping center, magnificent old city landmarks become predictable glass skyscrapers, and an imposing religious ritual is replaced by an irritating session with a "song leader"—always in the name of progress and the betterment of mankind. Occasionally, passionate preservationists may appear to confuse Christianity with jeweled crucifixes and glittering basilicas, but they have a few profoundly important insights which explain why congregational singing is still on the sick list, even after ten years of intensive care. To wit:

(a) When all the planning experts indiscriminately bulldoze a neighborhood (or an ancient musical tradition), they also destroy a subtle sense of "belonging" and "continuity" that once existed underneath all the grime. The jerry-built replacements, which are then hastily superimposed on the landscapes always have a desolate and temporary quality. That intangible sense of familiarity and identity never seems to grow in this new, legislated environment.

(b) Urban renewal, like the renewal of liturgical music, should not be a matter of demolishing the old and replacing it with the new. Successful renewal, as the urban planners have belatedly discovered, requires humility. What may look like a garish eyesore to the expert may, in fact, be a lovable old landmark to everyone else. So, keep the old landmark, with the buildings that complement it, and build the modern extravaganza down the street.

(c) Some sociologists tell us that we are constantly being brutalized by something called "future shock." Our society changes so fast and so often, we desperately seek visible symbols of continuity. A landscape without architectural "anchors" in the past and a liturgy without some music that symbolizes continuity with the past are both guaranteed to produce "future shock."

The next victims of "future shock" may be the once radical liturgists who were honestly convinced that singing *Kumbaya* would fill the churches and the conservatives who thought that progress was 90 percent demolition. In our fast-moving culture today's benevolent idea is tomorrow's tyranny. All things pass. One of the few constants will be the lonely voice of the preservationists reminding us that we alienate people when we arrogantly redesign their world in the name of progress. Alienated people do not sing.

JOSEPH BEATTY

COMING TO LIFE

In the living room
My father deals
Onto the table
You can see yourself in.

From where I lie, words go back
To throats, stairs of ice rumble
And collapse, the captains' chairs
Snort like bulls.

When my door slowly opens
I still myself like an ocean,
Fifty fathoms deep.

Something is coming
To life, slipping behind everyone's
Back but mine into the world.

The maple claws at my window;
A hag squats on my rocker;
Hanging loose in the closet

A midget with dog's ears
Waits.

Everything is something else.

Will they live and let live?
No. They're coming to life
At my expense.
They won't let me through
To the living room,
Where everyone has his cards
On the table
And a spade is a spade.

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A GERMAN DILEMMA

THEODORE SNYDER

Lusting after the trade in armaments

Das ist nicht des deutschen Grosse,
Obzusiegen mit dem Schwert

It is not the German greatness,
To triumph with the sword.
—Friedrich von Schiller

Year after year, the United States leads the world in arms exports. In 1974—the latest year for which fairly reliable data are available—we exported an estimated $8.3 billion worth of military hardware. This represents 8½ percent of our total exports that year. In the same year, the USSR exported somewhere around $5.5 billion worth, followed by France with $3 billion, Great Britain with $1.5 billion and Italy with $240 million.

This facet of international trade creates a situation fraught with social tragedy and economic irony. Much of the military goods and services exported by these and other arms producers is destined for so-called "developing nations" in Africa, Asia and Latin America. For the most part, these countries are in desperate need of capital goods and human capital investment. However, many Third World governments—as well as their people—suffer from political instability and/or leaders with *macho* mentalities. Thus, the priorities of national development fall behind those of "national security"—anti-guerrilla forces, air force fly-bys, armored forces, a spiffy palace guard and other military trivialities which both capitalist and Communist "merchants of death" push without let-up.

Far back of the frontrunners in this macabre race with only $100 million worth of arms exports in 1974 to NATO allies is an old hand in the arms trade of yesteryear—Germany. In 1949, impelled by the mandates of history, the Federal Republic created a legal problem for potential German arms exporters with Paragraph 26 of their Constitution: "Activities which could or which are intended to disrupt the peaceful coexistence of nations, especially those with a view to aggression against other nations, are unconstitutional. They are punishable by law." Since then, this provision of the Basic Law, as their pre-reunification constitution is called, has been upheld scrupulously by successive German governments, both Christian Democrat and Social Democrat alike.

However, in recent months, voices have been raised in Germany and elsewhere urging a modification to this "unrealistic position." Gunter Geschke, writing in the *Deutsches Allgemeines Sonntagsblatt* of 14 March 1976, reports:

> In a speech to Bundeswehr officers at the beginning of 1975, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt explained that there was no harm in side-stepping the government's basic policy of supplying arms only to NATO allies in certain individual cases, and this had, in fact, been standard practice.
>
> Ernst Wolf Mommsen, manager of the Krupp Company and former State Secretary in the Ministry of Defence, supported his friend, Chancellor Schmidt's speech with a recommendation that we should adopt a "slightly more liberal" approach to this issue.
>
> Hermann Schmidt, the current State Secretary in Georg Leber's Defense Ministry, spoke out in favor of a "greater degree of flexibility."

Following this lead, the chorus has swelled as others in the business world, trade union leaders, and members of the Bundestag have added their approval. Outside of the traditional sources of opposition to arms exports—the churches and the universities—discordant voices seem to be in a distinct minority. Nevertheless, these few voices seem to have caused many otherwise-blissful Germans to ponder the somber lessons of their nation's past. It seems a national crisis of conscience is taking shape.

This Faustian dilemma has been brought on by three politico-economic developments of fairly recent origin. First, when the Germans equipped the Bundeswehr and their NATO allies with certain weapons superior from the standpoints of tactical effectiveness, operating costs and reliability, their ancient reputation as premier weaponeers was extended into the postwar period. For example, Krauss-Maffei's 48-ton Leopard II tank of which 5,600 have been sold to Western buyers has attracted the rabid attention of Prince Gholam Pahlevi, commander of Iran's armored forces, and, consequently,

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that of his brother, the Shah. In 1969, the Iranians attempted to purchase 1000 of these predators, but failed. Not to be denied, the Shah plans to set up a Leopard factory in Iran with the help of the Federal Republic. This measure may not be necessary in the light of later revelations.

German tank-builders now plan to circumvent Paragraph 26 with a multinational arrangement in which the basic Leopard with its 1500 horsepower Mercedes-Benz diesel engine will be shipped to Italy as an unfinished good. Once south of the Alps, it will be joined by its German turret and electronics, and its British 105 mm. gun. The finished tank—the Leopardino—will be exported to its ultimate user as an Italian product. A similar situation has developed in the case of the deadly, tank-mounted Roland II anti-aircraft missile system produced by Messerschmitt-Boelkow-Blohm in collaboration with Aerospatiale of France. Franco-German cooperation also has produced the "Hot" and "Milan" antitank rockets, and the popular fighter, "Alpha Jet." Other West Germany military wares which have found considerable favor in foreign defense ministries are mine detectors, motor torpedo boats, field howitzers, and the Daimler-Benz heavy-duty, diesel trucks. Ten thousand of these trucks were scheduled for delivery to Iraq in 1975.

In the winter of 1973-74, the second condition—an ominous vulnerability—was thrust upon the consciousness of the petroleum-starved, mineral-short West Germans. In the months following, a not-so-subtle change in their terms of trade with the Third World occurred. Major contracts for civilian goods and services now were offered the Germans by resource-rich countries contingent upon the supply of much-coveted military goods and services. The specter of a raw-materials squeeze on the Germans overhang many, if not most, foreign trade negotiations. Soon, more-subtle diplomatic pressures were added to the crude commercial ploys, and the Federal Republic was forced into a tighter corner.

Dieter Balkenhausen, writing in the *Deutsche Zeitung* of 2 April 1976, succinctly brings into focus the third element of this unfolding tragedy:

> "Longingly" is the only word that comes to mind when describing how the Germans have hoped for an economic upswing in the past two years . . . anxious questions bear witness to the yearnings of a nation once obsessed with economic growth.

To Joachim Zahn, head of Daimler-Benz, the answer is manifestly clear: "We must defend our export markets tooth and nail!" Germans are painfully appreciative of Herr Zahn's dictum; "Export or die," echos *Die Zeit*. Americans, whose exports make up less than ten percent of GNP, can not be expected to appreciate fully the attitudes of a people whose exports have run as high as 21 percent of gross national product in recent years, and for whom one out of six jobs is directly dependent on export markets. Again in *Die Zeit* a headline, "Has export slump killed second economic miracle?"—"Blame the foreigner," suggests Michael Jungblut in an accompanying article of 6 June 1975.

According to surveys by West Germany's four largest pollsters, "There seems to be a close connection between economic developments and the regard people have for the politician responsible," reports Gisbert Kuhn in the *Kieler Nachsrichten* of 14 April 1976. It follows logically that the SPD, having already suffered a loss of the voters' affections as evidenced by the Baden-Wuertemberg defeat, will not be anxious to incur further losses in upcoming elections this year. Indeed, with some trade union economists predicting that "it would take as much as ten years to achieve the kind of full employment that was customary in Germany several years ago," it is a certainty the Social Democrats are considering a number of extraordinary alternatives in the hopes of gaining another economic miracle. The rapidly expanding trade with China and the USSR holds both danger and promise beyond its present level. The same may be said for expanded trade with the Third World if arms are part of a package deal. However, Helmut Schmidt may be pushed, as a matter of political survival, to put aside considerations of morality and to turn a blind eye to Schiller's warning in moving further toward an accommodation with the warlords of the Third World.

H. A. MAXSON

MUSKRAT

The banks are fleshed in shadow.
And in the river, far below
the darkening surface, fish sleep now.
I carefully inch my prow
into the stagnant, slow
waters of a narrow
creek, and set the bow
on sand. From a vine-thatched burrow
a muskrat rises, cautious not to show
his body until his eyes fully know
what is new—like a rabbit lifting from a furrow
to see what things not vegetable grow
of an evening. I sit low
in the boat to see how
he takes the water, then row
the other way—knowing enough not to follow
water grown sentient with my own shadow.

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SEX AND LIBERATION

PETER STEINFELS

ONE DAY several months ago I was thinking, as usual, about sex, and I resolved to write something about it. I was not provoked, at that particular moment, by the recollection or anticipation of any personal rapture—heaven forbid that a journal which barely grants admittance to the ego should suddenly open the floodgates to the id! No, what actually lurked behind my reverie was a *book review*. Such is the intellectual life.

"It is curious," a friend had said to me, "that almost none of our first-rate minds have written anything directly about sex."

The remark stopped me dead. Could it be? Hadn't *everybody* written about sex? How could they, especially they—my friend was talking about what is frequently termed the "intellectual establishment"—have possibly avoided it? I began to run down lists of names. Arendt, Bell, Bellow, Berlin, Chomsky, Dubos, Gay, Glazer, Hardwick, Harrington, Hook, Howe, Kazin, Kempton, Kenniston, Lasch, Lipset. . . . Of course I didn't think in alphabetical order, and lots of other names came to mind. There were several who had devoted major attention to what might be termed "sexual—civilizational" questions — Brown Marcuse, Rieff, more recently Bell. Individual, personal sexual experience was hardly absent from fiction; yet even here the more flamboyantly it was featured (somehow the cinematic term comes naturally) the less it seemed to pertain to sex itself and the more it became the metaphor or vehicle for some supposedly grander theme. Insofar as any of our leading thinkers had addressed themselves to sex, the model appeared to be Lionel Trilling's classic essay on the Kinsey Report, reprinted in *The Liberal Imagination*. It is a superb, humane statement. It is also oblique, not looking at the topic first-hand but through the medium of a work which, we swiftly realize, is the product of a mind far inferior to the author's. Second-rate thinkers research sexuality, give advice, hawk reforms, celebrate liberation; first-rate thinkers then write about the second-rate thinkers. George Steiner writes about pornography. Leslie Farber skewers the Masters and Johnson research. This is the pattern, the division of labor, I detect. It has its disadvantages.

My friend's remark was occasioned by the appearance of an extraordinary review, in the May 13 *New York Review of Books*, by J. M. Cameron, advertised on the cover page with the title, "The Prison of Sexual Liberation." At least five friends had mentioned Cameron's review to me before I had the opportunity to read it. The reason was simple: they, like myself, think of Cameron, once a regular correspondent for *Commonweal*, as a first-rate thinker. Indeed it is good to suppose that the *New York Review* is now giving the sex beat to Cameron (along with other topics like death, where the *Review* may suspect that its own determinedly secular outlook is under strain) instead of to Gore Vidal. (Vidal now writes about fiction, an area in which he seems as anxious to prove traditional notions viable as he was astonished, in regard to sex, that any such notions might linger. One says astonished only because indignant could never be applied to a man of such vehement unflappability. I enjoy Vidal. I also think that if the Swedish Academy should ever consider granting a Nobel Prize for Snottiness, he deserves to be the first recipient.)

The observation that all my friends first made about Cameron's review was that it was a masterpiece of *tone*. This in itself was curious. Cameron's moral seriousness sets him worlds apart from Vidal, and yet it was primarily *tone* which marked the latter's earlier reviews of books about sex. Perhaps it is the topic, I thought. My friends were right. Cameron's article was a masterpiece of tone. It rendered homage, early on, to Trilling's essay; and like Trilling's, or even more than Trilling's, it made clear that the reviewer was much superior to the works reviewed. There is a myth that intellectuals fall all over any new book promising the explosion of sexual taboos. I think George Orwell was closer to the truth when he wrote, about the appearance of "obscene" books like Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, that "it is not at all easy to approach an unprintable book with detachment"—and yet it is precisely the appearance of detachment that we insist upon. "Either one is shocked and disgusted, or one is morbidly thrilled, or one is determined above all else not to be impressed. The last," wrote Orwell, "is probably the commonest reaction." This may no longer be the case with fiction, as it was when Orwell wrote; I think it is still pertinent to popular sociology and works of advocacy.

The determination not to be impressed is understandable. The writers of these books are usually so terribly impressed themselves, the critical intelligence cannot help but want to restore balance. That is obviously part of Cameron's rhetorical strategy. He announces, at the beginning, that "we are in the course of, perhaps at the end of, a revolution in sexual mores," and then he outlines its content. Of masturbation, for example, he writes, "There isn't absolute unanimity that masturbation is without bad emotional consequences, but most students of sex think it at least harmless, like chewing gum or backscratching." Of the appearance of sex stores: "These emporia correspond in their own field to gourmet shops for lovers of rare foods, and it is characteristic of our time that the publication of gourmet

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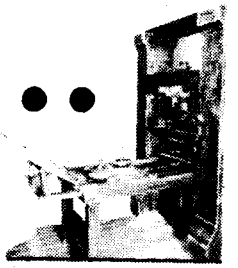
INDIRA'S INDIA

PRESS



It took me a long time to realize that not everybody in this world is in favor of a free press. Indira Gandhi, for example, probably grew up thinking that a free press would be as fundamental to an independent India as it was to Great Britain, but after awhile she changed her mind. The price in contention and political controversy, she announced a year ago, was too great. In June, 1975, she declared a state of emergency and "temporarily" suspended the traditional civil liberties guaranteed by the Indian constitution. "One may have freedom, yes," she said at the time, "but freedom does not mean walking on the wrong side of the road, paralyzing the duly elected government." She did not say that henceforth Indian journalists would be expected to walk in lockstep on the right side of the road, but that is what she meant, and that is what has happened.

It did not take long. In less than a year the threat of confiscation or jail, the growth of a censorship bureaucracy and the enactment of a repressive body of law have pretty much emasculated India's once vigorous press, or at least brought it into harmony with the government's self-portrait of earnest, shirt-sleeved, nation-building boosterism. The skeptics have not been converted perhaps, but they have been silenced, and last month two small political journals, *Seminar* and *Opinion*, closed down after 17 years of publication, the one rather than submit to pre-publication censorship, and the other at the direct order of one of India's state governments.

It is hard to understand at first how the Indian government could have felt threatened by such faint voices. *Opinion*, for example, was only a four-page weekly, written almost entirely by its editor, a retired civil servant named A.D. Gorwala. Its circulation was only 5,000 in a country of 600 million, and its language was English in a nation with dozens of dialects. *Seminar* had more pages but reached even fewer people with a circulation of only 2,500 a month. Their demise, one suspects, was almost by the way, a kind of mopping-up operation by a bureaucracy following regulations to the letter. Henry Kamm reported their disapperance in the *New York Times*, but the Indian press did not mention it at all.

India, of course, is only the largest of the countries which have recently joined the fraternity of nations which speak with one voice, or as nearly one voice as repression can guarantee. The annual survey of the International Press Institute in Zurich concluded last year that more than half the world has no free press. In May, Amnesty International in London released a list of 67 journalists imprisoned (or "missing") in 17 countries—Bangladesh (with three journalists in prison), Brazil (6), Chile (3), Cuba (2), India (4), Indonesia (21, some of them since 1965), South Korea (1), the Philippines (1), Singapore (2), South Africa (1), Taiwan (4), Tanzania (2), Thailand (2), Turkey (2), Russia (7), Uruguay (1) and Yugoslavia (5). Amnesty International admits its list is far from complete. Uganda, Nigeria, Laos, Cambodia, Argentina and South Vietnam ought to be on it, and no doubt a lot of other countries as well.

The threat of prison is only the most dramatic form of press control. Last month a UNESCO working group in San Jose, Costa Rica, completed a 60-page draft report which many observers interpret as a proposal for official control of news by developing countries, and in New Delhi the representatives of 58 countries agreed to form a sort of joint press agency in order to counteract the "cultural aggression" and neo-colonial meddling of the West. This hostility is not new. Western journalists have found it increasingly difficult in recent years to obtain visas to visit Third World or Communist countries, or to move about freely once they have been admitted. It is too soon to tell if these developments are a new wave or the old, old story, but it is clear that advocates of a free press have not been winning friends and influencing people.

The most disturbing element of these recent developments is a confident new tone of voice and a certain willingness, still muted and tentative, to describe a free press as a superfluous luxury at best, and at worst the enemy of a just, well-ordered society. This is not the sort of thing people are supposed to say. I grew up thinking that freedom is a fundamental human aspiration and that its enemies proceed half in guilt, hiding what they do and calling repression by other names. Claims of national security, the greater good and reasons of state have always struck me as specious euphemisms for the exercise of power in narrow self-interest. Publications like *Opinion* or *Seminar* were closed or confiscated, their contents censored and writers jailed because they threatened the prerogatives of those in power. If the repressors were pugnacious in their denials it was because they were conscious of their own hypocrisy. The danger posed by their victims was not to the whole community, as the repressors naturally claimed, but only to the position of those who ruled. One might cite a hundred models—Franco's Spain, Salazar's Portugal, Peron's Argentina, Stalin's Russia, Hitler's Germany, Park's South Korea, Sukarno's Indonesia, Castro's Cuba, Cromwell's England, Caligula's Rome. Such rulers were the enemies of the free expression of opinion because its target more often than not was *them*.

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Would it be fair to add Gandhi's India to the list? The declaration of emergency came at a moment when she, personally, was under vigorous attack, and one does not have to be a cynic to wonder if she were more concerned with India's future, or her own. It used to be said of DeGaulle that without his glasses he could not tell where DeGaulle ended and France began. Gandhi no doubt shares his confusion. Another obvious beneficiary of her act was the Congress party which has ruled India since Independence. Habeas corpus was suspended along with freedom of the press and thousands of Indians have been imprisoned, including at least 30 opposition members of Parliament. Politically motivated strikes, demonstrations and protests came to a halt, elections were "postponed" and activist groups were banned. No opposition parties have been suppressed as such, but they have been injured and intimidated, just as the Democrats in this country would be injured if Common Cause, the ADA, and the AFL-CIO political committee were all closed down. India's democracy has been dismantled, leaving the Congress party, and Gandhi at the head of the party, in virtually uncontested control of the country. If the only question were *cui bono*, then one would have to conclude that Gandhi's coup from above was purely and simply a cynical exercise in political self-preservation of a thoroughly traditional sort. Threatened by the system, she junked the system. The saddening thing is not that she wanted to do it, but that she could do it.

But of course that is not the way Gandhi would put it. Her defense as stated in public papers, interviews and speeches might be described in a short version, or a long version. The short version goes like this: the Indians tried democracy but it didn't work. Like the Italians, they are too fiery and contentious to agree on what to do, or to disagree in moderation. Both are creative but obstreperous peoples, mercurial and childlike. Without firm guidance there is only pandemonium, a perpetual me-first shoving match. So Gandhi, like Mussolini, took the reins into her own hands and now —only a year later!—the trains are finally running on time.

The long version leaves out Mussolini and includes supporting detail. It is all very well for you to make jokes, the argument would go, but we are faced with nearly insurmountable problems. India has a population of 600 million, and it is growing by 20 million a year. The people are illiterate and backward, are divided by language and religion, and do not know how the government is organized, much less who ought to run it. The intellectuals have been trained in two alien traditions, Marxism and liberal democracy, and debate in an alien language. The wealthy have a traditional disregard for the poor; the poor are either apathetic or uncontrollable; and the government which must try to reconcile the two has insufficient power to restrain the rich, and insufficient resources to feed the poor. After nearly 30 years of freely expressed opinion India is arguably worse off than it was at independence, while China has developed into a world power during the same period. In India, the long version concludes, freedom is anarchy, and is well-lost. Furthermore, we're tired of advice from well-paid, intinerant foreign journalists who have trouble balancing their own checkbooks.

It is presumptuous to challenge arguments of this sort because I have never been to India, have only a casual reader's acquaintance with her history, have never seriously discussed the country with an Indian who wasn't a Marxist, do not know how to turn a feudal agricultural society into a modern state, have never spent the night in Calcutta, and have trouble balancing my checkbook. It is Gandhi's country we are talking about, after all, not mine, and if she says political controversy in India had reached a point of such violence that it was wrecking the country, I ought not to dismiss her claim out of hand. I have seen more political meetings disrupted by intemperate language than by goons, after all, and I once lived in Italy for two years when the government fell repeatedly for completely frivolous reasons—once, for example, because it could not muster a majority behind a kindergarten funding bill. One has only to read Thucydides to know what happens to a democracy when its mood has turned perverse, or its problems have grown too large to handle. Why should a democratic India be any more effective than France under the Third Republic, or Germany under Weimar, or Russia after the April revolution, or Athens after the death of Pericles? No doubt Gandhi has a point.

But I am skeptical all the same, if not of her, then of her inability to resist the inertia, corruption and intrigue which seem to grow in closed societies, like toadstools in a cellar. It is easy to destroy one's enemies after they have announced themselves in the press, and their destruction probably provides a momentary freedom to act. But very quickly one's enemies will cease to announce themselves; it grows hard to know whom to watch and the police begin to watch everybody. Closed societies have politics too, but their politics become a subtle, secret, shifting thing. To survive a political figure must grow vigilant and cautious, lest he invite suspicion by pressing some issue too hard, or not hard enough. The leader of a closed society wants fat men about him such as sleep a'nights, just as Caesar did, and one suspects India must already have enough easy-sleepers in government. Will India's government grow bolder when there is danger in boldness, and no one to point out inertia? Will it be less corrupt, when no one may safely criticize corruption? Will it be less constrained by opposition, when the opponents have all gone underground and might be . . . anyone?

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It would be wrong to doubt that India's troubles are immense, and sentimental to assume that a free press is never vicious, vindictive or divisive. But it is impossible to see what India gained when it ordered A. D. Gorwala to shut down his four-page weekly. In a mimeographed letter to his 5,000 readers Gorwala said the government had banned *Opinion* because its publication endangered "public safety, maintenance of public order and internal security (believe it if you can). . ." I can't believe it. THOMAS POWERS

ROSEMARY'S BOOBY

THE SCREEN

The ending of Roman Polanski's *The Tenant* is ridiculous. After having lived some months in an old-fashioned Parisian apartment building, a young man (Polanski himself) is at the brink of suicide. The difficulties began even as he was renting the apartment, for the concierge (Shelley Winters) and landlord (Melvyn Douglas), while ostensibly formal and polite, also seemed somehow nasty, morbid and insinuating. Then the young man became embroiled in a feud in the building. He befriended a dirty, deranged old woman and refused to sign a petition for her eviction, but to his dismay she returned his kindness by omitting his doorstep while retaliating against the other tenants by befouling theirs. The young man has also seen other tenants standing immobilized for hours in the bathroom across the courtyard.

But the crux of the difficulties all along has been the former tenant in the young man's apartment. She committed suicide by jumping from the window and was not yet dead at the time the young man rented the apartment. Now, at the end of Polanski's film, the young man is so obsessed with the building and her death, he is standing out on the window sill himself wearing a dress of hers. As other tenants applaud at the courtyard windows, which have turned into theater loges, the young man jumps. In the courtyard the other tenants crowd around in their night clothes and try to comfort the young man, who is still alive. But in terror he drags himself bloodily across the courtyard and back up the stairs. Soon he appears in his window again, and again he jumps, just as before, surviving the fall this time as well.

Polanski has presumably repeated the suicide leap for emphasis, in order to intensify our sense of horror at what has happened to the tenant, but the result is to dissipate that horror instead. It seems Polanski has gone too far this time, ruining with overstatement the climactic scene on which his whole film depends. More likely, though, is the possibility that he has not gone far enough—at least, not far enough in any one, decisive direction to satisfy us. For example, the young man's neighbors never really seem sufficiently distressing to drive anyone to suicide. Perhaps then the tenant's attempt results from hallucinations, or maybe the attempt itself is an hallucination. Maybe Polanski has had him jump twice in his predecessor's clothes because neither jump is occurring in reality. He is committing her suicide as well as his own since both take place only in his mind. Unfortunately, all suggestions that the tenant has delusions are as inconclusive as those that his neighbors have real malice for him. We're not sure either way what the cause of his breakdown is, or whether there even is a cause that we are supposed to understand.

What is the movie itself supposed to be, anyway, a horror film or a comedy? I don't think Polanski knows. That's what is wrong with his ending. Like a body hitting the pavement in a deadfall, it goes in all different directions at once. In neither horror films nor comedies is it necessary, usually, to understand the characters' motivations. We are in a world gone crazy that we don't expect to understand in a realistic way. But Polanski's horror films try to stay close to the real world, and the causes for an action like the tenant's suicide attempt are therefore not dispensable. This isn't true in a parody such as *The Fearless Vampire Killers;* but in *The Tenant,* as in *Rosemary's Baby,* Polanski has tried to creep away from the everyday world so stealthily that what is bizarre and frightening will seem to follow from what is ordinary and familiar. Like the New York co-op in *Rosemary's Baby,* the Parisian setting for *The Tenant* is not some Gothic castle on a remote cliff in the Alps. It's part of the world we all know.

In fact Polanski has at times in this film worked hard to bond the world inside his tenant's building to the world outside. An irritating way that the concierge blows her nose is echoed by Stella (Isabelle Adjani), a friend of the former tenant whom the young man meets away from the building. Although he says that the inconvenience of the bathroom in the building is of concern to him, it is more often with Stella, at a cafe or her apartment, that he has to make a dash for the john. A mysterious malady contracted in his apartment reflects an experience partying with Stella one night and getting sick afterwards. Indeed, the disposition of Paris at large seems similar to that in his building. A friend visited by chance turns out to have the same rancorous attitude towards his neighbors that the young man's seem to have toward him. Even a postcard sent to the former tenant by a beau who doesn't know she's dead appears to fit into the building's internal affairs in an eery way. It has a photograph of hieroglyphics on it, and in the bathroom one night, the young man finds the same hieroglyphs graffitied on the wall.

But like hieroglyphs without a Rosetta stone, all these

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little image messages being sent to us by the film are ultimately indecipherable. Polanski has often taken pains to establish connections between one scene or circumstance in the film and another, but the connections do not seem in the end to have any meaning. They are just a snow job, an exercise in obscurity. One reason Polanski likes the *mise en scène* of horror films is that it is supposed to be mysterious, impenetrable, inexplicable. I suspect in *Chinatown* he was attracted to doing a *film noir* because that genre's atmosphere is as a rule equally opaque. But Polanski is using these cinematic conventions as a pretext to be opaque himself. The fact that the world depicted in a film is supposed to be insoluble doesn't mean that the film should be the same. Polanski likes to give an impression of complexity in his films, but too often that complexity is in truth only confusion and uncertain intentions.

Yet another way to look at *The Tenant's* ending is as a meditation on art. The theater loges from which the other tenants applaud the young man's suicide leap suggest this, along with the fact that the young man and the filmmaker are the same person. Polanski's ending is in fact lifted from Jean Cocteau's 1932 film *Blood of a Poet,* where the central character also commits suicide while people in theater loges overlooking a public street applaud. But unlike Cocteau's film, Polanski's has not been concerned with the relationship between art and life until the ending. So why drag it in then? The ambiguities of art and life, madness and normality, drama and comedy, the imaginary and the real are all good subjects for a film, but Polanski thinks ambiguity and plain confusion are the same thing. They're not.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

THE VERY HIGH COMEDY OF PHILIP BARRY

GERALD WEALES

Margaret Phillips, who played Miranda,

THE standard line about Philip Barry when I was in college right after the Second World War was that he was a gifted writer of high comedy with an uncontrollable urge to perpetrate significant drama. The alternate line was that he was a gifted writer of philosophical fantasy with an irresistible need to escape into the comfortable success of wit and elegance. As recently as 1945, Tallulah Bankhead had had a respectable run in *Foolish Notion,* but that was the reason that brought *The Glass Menagerie* and Tennessee Williams to Broadway; so my generation of incipient drama critics—whether we subscribed to the Barry-light or the Barry-heavy theory—saw him as a figure from the past, a playwright in search of his pigeonhole in the history of American drama.

When Barry died on December 3, 1949—a man in his early fifties—there was no surprise; to the young—casually cruel—the event was simply the rounding off of a career already finished. *Second Threshold,* when it opened in 1951, doctored by Robert E. Sherwood, came as coda. My own fascination with the production had more to do with than it did with Barry. I had recently seen her as Celia in *The Cocktail Party,* and she came to *Second Threshold* trailing clouds of Eliot. Whatever resonance Sherwood had left in Barry's play, I laid at her feet (she *was* a lovely performer), for I knew with all the arrogance and misunderstanding of the graduate student that, although T. S. Eliot, whom we thought of as T. S. ELIOT, might use drawing-room comedy as a vehicle for religious ideas, no one could expect such seriousness from a Broadway comedian, not even one who occasionally slipped into the robes of deep thought. Yet as early as 1925, when Eliot was just beginning to think about the theater, Barry wrote *In a Garden,* his third play and one of his most impressive, a comedy which—verse aside—might be called Eliotean.

In the years since *Second Threshold,* Philip Barry pretty much disappeared from the American theater, lingering as a name in the textbooks, a generic example in the anthologies. Filtered through Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, George Cukor and Donald Ogden Stewart, Barry's work lived largely in the revivals of the delightful and for the most part faithful movie versions of *Holiday* and *The Philadelphia Story.* In the last ten years, for instance, although there have been brief off-off Broadway productions of *Here Come the Clowns* and *The Philadelphia Story,* New York has seen just one ambitious revival of a Barry play, the Phoenix *Holiday* (1973), which bypassed the substance of the play and went relentlessly and unsuccessfully for the stylish surface. Finally, last year, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich published eight of Barry's best plays in a single volume, *States of Grace,* edited with a biographical introduction by Brendan

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Gill ($19.95). The flurry of theatrical activity which Barry admirers hoped might follow that event seems not to have come. At the Little Church Around the Corner, the Joseph Jefferson Theatre Company has revived *John*, Barry's static but interesting play about John the Baptist, which has not been seen since its eleven-performance run on Broadway in 1927, but the production—the limited run will be over long before this essay is in print—scarcely does justice to the play. Philip Barry deserves a great deal better than a pedestrian revival of a minor work.

"His plays are really Barry in quest of himself," Montrose J. Moses wrote more than thirty years ago, and Brendan Gill implies much the same thing in his essay when he discusses grace as the goal of the kind of people Barry wrote about ("grace of the body, grace of the spirit") and of the playwright himself ("the outward grace with which they lived was the sign of an inner grace that they never stopped seeking to possess in greater abundance"). Sometimes in Gill—a residual pettiness that is much more obvious in *Here at The New Yorker*—grace almost seems like taste, elegance, good manners, but for Barry, although I do not remember his using the word, grace is a quality of life, a fidelity to one's self and one's possibilities, which provides the major theme of his work from *You and I* (1923) to *Second Threshold*. To be truly alive, in Barry's sense, is to avoid the rigidities imposed by society, tradition, family, one's own personality, to find one's own way without letting that way become a new imposition, to leave oneself for ever open to spontaneousness, to surprise. "That's one of the good things about life," says Josiah at the end of *Second Threshold*, "it's so unexpected." To persevere in the quest is to run the risk of being labeled *adolescent*, as Johnny Case is in *Holiday* with his amorphous desire to "find out who I am and what I am." Linda, his defender, says, "We're all grand at seventeen. It's after that that the—sickness sets in." Tom Ames, one of the bedeviled souls of *Hotel Universe*, says, "Oh Lord, if only I'd died at fifteen," and Pat Farley suggests, "Maybe you did."

The "Oh Lord" of Tom's line is not gratuitous swearing; however casually the deity's name lies on a character's lips in a Barry play, it works as poetic ambiguity, providing a significance for the author that the character often does not suspect. According to Gill, Barry once "told Katharine Hepburn that he would be unable to get up out of the chair in which he was sitting if he weren't able to believe in some sort of God." However secular the force from which a Barry hero must free himself —Philistinism, the American success myth—the process takes place in an off-stage context in which the playwright, raised as a Catholic and always religious after his fashion, considers man in relation to some divine force within or beyond him.

In a number of the plays that context is on stage. When Lissa leaves at the end of *In a Garden*, to escape being put "through my paces" by the manipulations of either her husband or her would-be lover, she says, "you can't *do* that with people, Adrian. That's God's province. For you, it's—it's blasphemy." In *Here Come the Clowns*, written thirteen years after *In a Garden*, it is only distantly God's province. In that play, Dan Clancy, trying to get an explanation of his and the world's misery directly from God, finds that he is no puppet, that there are only tenuous strings attached. Taking his clue from Connie Ryan ("He gave us a will of our own, didn't He?"), Clancy bests the illusionist, Max Pabst, by recognizing that the struggle between good and evil has become one between good men and evil men; in a marvelous image in *War in Heaven*, the novel version of *Clowns*, Clancy forces Pabst to exit through the stage traps, emphasizing that this Devil is only an actor. Even in *John*, there is the familiar Barry theme. John, bound by the inflexibilities of Judaic law, cannot see that Herodias is his natural ally, that they share a vision of an avenging political Messiah while off-stage Jesus is fulfilling John's prophecy in a way that he could never understand.

After praising the beauty of his fiancée in *The Animal Kingdom*, Tom Collier sidesteps the conventional compliment she offers in return with "mine is entirely beauty of soul." A joke that is more than a joke, it defines that quality in Tom—"your damned integrity," Cecelia calls it—which is almost destroyed by the corruption of a marriage that is less than a marriage. Although words like "soul" and "salvation" can be read with traditional significance when Barry uses them, as they appear in his comedies they have a spiritual force of a more general kind, one that a secular audience can recognize, respond to, embrace. Tracy Lord is saved in *The Philadelphia Story* by becoming human, flawed, fickle, freckled (who knows how?).

It is easy—and a comfort to reviewers—to reduce Barry's plays to restatements of conventional Broadway ideas. Thus his first two plays, *You and I* and *The Youngest*, can be seen as the struggle of the incipient artist against the Philistine demands of society and family. Yet the reductions have a way of slipping through our fingers. Having rescued his young artists in his first two plays, Barry uses an artist—the author of high comedies—as his chief manipulative force in *In a Garden*. Adrian tries to stage life as he would a play and fails when living people refuse to be as predictable as his characters are. The most fascinating figure in *In a Garden* is the secretary who transforms herself and disrupts Adrian's past—a less ponderous version of the wise, mad old man who stage-manages the encounters in *Hotel Universe*. Whether these figures are forces or author's devices, they suggest an ambiguity by which Barry's major theme—the individual's need to free himself—is controlled by that force which lets Barry get up from his chair.

There is something frustrating about beginning to take Barry seriously, particularly if one is working within limitations of space, for there are so many things that cry out for discussion at length. Barry's ideas on marriage, for instance, or his sense of a man's dedication to his work, both of which

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are bound up with the escapes that his characters seek and temper them with responsibility. Or his recognition that there are all kinds of manipulative forces and most of them dangerous. After reading *The Youngest*, in which the heroine who schemes to save the hero turns out to be the benign underside of the harshly restrictive family, I suddenly saw that *Holiday* was much less a life-versus-money play than the story of Linda, who finally freed herself to go to her Johnny when she quit trying to make over Ned and Julia in her own attractive image. Or the thin, sad line of despair that runs alongside the note of possibility in all Barry's plays, a suicidal motif from Ned's escape into liquor in *Holiday* to Josiah's not so accidental accidents in *Second Threshold*.

Themes, ideas, concepts—what a way to talk about plays that, at their best, are alive, funny, affecting on stage. I have left no room to explain why the comedies seem more effective than the more obviously ambitious plays like *Hotel Universe* and *Here Come the Clowns*—that they imply rather than tell or, when they tell, do so in a context that is more dramatic than expositional. Nor to comment on the peculiar difficulty of Barry, who uses a phrase, a word, an intonation to define characters or underline meaning. "But a man expects his wife to—" begins George in *The Philadelphia Story*, and Tracy finishes, "—To behave herself. Naturally." Dexter echoes, "To behave herself naturally," and unless one can hear the shift in punctuation, as I did from Hepburn and Grant the other night on television, the quiet verbal gift of Barry may be missed.

In this year of revivals, it would be rewarding to see *In a Garden* or *Paris Bound* or *The Animal Kingdom* or *Holiday* or *The Philadelphia Story* or Barry's own version of *Second Threshold*. But, please, only in a first-rate production.

BOOKS

THE ROCKY ROAD TO NOWHERE

RONALD I. RUBIN

"I Never Wanted to Be Vice President of Anything!": An Investigative Biography of Nelson Rockefeller

MICHAEL KRAMER &
SAM ROBERTS

Basic Books, $12.50

The ready wink, quick smile, buoyant stride and rhythmic "Hiya fella" backslapping mask of one of the great personal failures of modern American politics. If anyone was destined in our time to mount the greasy pole, that man was Nelson Rockefeller. A good mind, attractive looks and a forceful, engaging personality were his native assets. Added to these were the wealth and contacts which only the privileged Rockefeller was able to draw on. To as competitive a player as he, the success of Ford, Nixon and Johnson in going the full route—politicians whom he no doubt ranks as inferiors—marks the ultimate disappointment.

Accordingly, the principal theme that a political biography of Rockefeller lends itself to is failed expectations—a failure stemming, to be sure, not from lack of nerve or inner doubt or self-absorption. Ever since his youth, the dream of the White House was paramount; yet it continually eluded him. Why? Why was Rockefeller always vice president of everything, something he never really wanted to be?

An analysis of political failure on the scale of Rockefeller's would add significantly to current political discussion. Regrettably, the Kramer and Roberts treatment falls seriously short of making this contribution. Rockefeller's frustrated career raises many intriguing questions: What were the psychological factors which made him tick? Why did he go into politics? Why didn't he instead enter the family business? What type of sibling rivalry existed between Rockefeller and his powerful family (Nelson was the third child and second son)? What does his indulgence in art—Japanese art in particular—say about the man? How did he adjust to defeat upon defeat in his quest for the presidency?

In short, given Rockefeller's considerable advantages, what fatal flaw stood in the way of the presidency? This would appear to be the central question of Rockefeller's career. While *"I Never Wanted to Be Vice-President of Anything!"* is billed as an "investigative biography," not only does it avoid taking up these questions, but it adds no real new information to those who have carefully followed Rockefeller's career in the press.

Furthermore, the work lacks any themes or order. Its 34 chapters, largely anecdotal, lead nowhere. Basically, the book is a paste-up job, rich in secondary sources but woefully short on analysis. The best that could be said for the authors is that they (or their research assistants?) carefully culled these sources to put together many pithy, revealing quotes by and about Rockefeller. For example, New York State Republican leader Joseph Carlino, "He (Rockefeller) was a born diplomat. He could bring himself down to anybody's level"; Rockefeller comparing George Wallace with Gerald Ford, "They are both dedicated Americans who believe in the basic

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values of this country, distinguished citizens and good friends of mine. . . . They happen to be of different parties and make slightly different appeals to people,"; and Rockefeller praising the fundamental American values, "Let's hear it for the Founding Fathers. I think they did a hell of a job."

For a politician on the scene as long as Rockefeller, his legacy consisted essentially of monuments of mortar (such as the Albany Mall), monuments which subsequently proved to be largely responsible for the financial plight of New York State and New York City. No master ideology or attachment to a set of issues guided Rockefeller's politics. Although Rockefeller considered himself to be more motivated by the "substance" rather than the form of politics, in reality his stands were not determined by the yardstick of substantive consistency. Even in a book as unsystematic in its organization as this one can't avoid noticing how characteristically Rockefeller flip-flopped from one side of an issue to its opposite, whether in his views of the Cold War, the need for welfare payments, or in his appraisal of fellow politicians such as his arch rival Nixon ("He's a moderate and I'm a moderate") and Ronald Reagan ("There is no ideological gulf between us").

Understandably, in democratic politics office-seekers must perform some footwork to win an election in a mixed constituency. But what separated Rockefeller from most other politicians in this regard was his unwavering confidence in his own integrity. Such self-deception in the face of frequent ideological changes might have had dangerous consequences had Rockefeller ever attained the presidency.

This surfaced, for instance, during Rockefeller's controversial confirmation hearings for the vice presidency in 1974. Arthur Goldberg, the last of Rockefeller's vanquished Democratic opponents for the New York State governorship, appeared at the hearings concerning a hatchet job campaign biography of Goldberg allegedly commissioned by Nelson's brother Laurence as a business investment. Previously the incensed Goldberg charged that the book was so scurrilous that it made his brother-in-law vomit. Yet the incredible scene of the Vice Presidential nominee slapping the former Supreme Court justice on the shoulder and grinning broadly while welcoming him with a hearty "Thanks for coming," caused *Harper's* editor Lewis Lapham to write:

> I suspect that he intended nothing cynical or disingenuous. His assumption that Mr. Goldberg would forgive him follows from his imperturbable faith in his own innocence. His misapprehension of the facts is characteristic of men who inherit great wealth. They cannot believe themselves capable of anything discreditable, and as a rule they know almost nothing about money or political reality. They have no reason to learn.

If any clue to Rockefeller's motivations can be found, it is in the example of his grandfather, the original John D. Rockefeller. Young Nelson took the oil baron for his hero. John D. Rockefeller's life was governed by a dialectic similar to that of Nelson's. On the one hand the crusty tycoon made it as one of the premier robber barons, while on the other he is also remembered for his philanthropy and loyalty to religion. Nelson Rockefeller's political role, rather than stemming from a sense of mission or even raw ambition, is better explainable by a sense of the obligation to participate. His exuberant common touch on the campaign trail, genuine enough to be sure, can best be linked to a feeling which saw his political role as a favor to the public. The do-gooder, rather than the issue implementer, was the role which energized Rockefeller. Of course, the shortcoming which stems from this model of political participation is that *noblesse oblige* frees one from meeting the requirements of depth and consistency to which other politicians are normally held.

The sensitive rich probably wonder at times whether their social popularity would be as great were they to be wiped out financially tomorrow. Likewise, the sons of the wealthy such as John F. Kennedy never really know how much Daddy's money paved the way for their own success at the polls. In the case of Rockefeller, it is clear that his being born into such incredible wealth shaped his political motives and expectations. Not only did the money give Rockefeller the security and the wherewithal to buy satraps such as William Ronan and Emmet Hughes, but it was also responsible for the notion that all problems are soluble, a dubious approach in the hurly burly of democracy where sometimes the wisest strategy is inaction. Moreover, the wealth blinded Rockefeller to a balanced acceptance of defeat, a factor responsible for his numerous tries for the White House.

Since the political act invariably involves money, a politician's insensitivity to what money means to his constituents naturally affects the relationship between the two, Rockefeller's great wealth insulated him from the ordinary concerns of the public, plus enabled him to excuse his own mistakes much more readily than those of other mortals. Kramer and Roberts present a telling incident of this mentality:

> It was a classic scene. En route to a rally near Macy's in Herald Square, Rockefeller was confronted by a panhandler. They exchanged a few words, and then the governor ebulliently backslapped his way down the block. But the panhandler was frozen in bewilderment. "That's funny," he muttered to a passerby "I asked him for a handout, and you know what he promised me? A tax cut!"

If one seeks the central clue to Rockefeller's political failings it is therefore the "can do" attitude which grew out of the moral confidence that super wealth brought. From this standpoint, one can more easily appreciate the glib tributes that this son of the Republican Eastern Establishment gave to rivals (Barry Goldwater: "A man of high integrity and experience") and how carelessly in 1976 he accused Senator Henry Jackson—probably the Cold Warrior par excellence—of harboring Communists on his staff until Rockefeller himself was threatened by censure

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by the Senate. Such insensitivity was also responsible for millions of dollars Rockefeller gave his lieutenants as "loans" in an effort to evade the legal requirements of gift-giving to people on the public payroll.

When one sums up Rockefeller's career, the overriding assessment must be that here was one of the skilled manipulators, one of the genuine power brokers of our time. During his Albany years, Rockefeller owned the State GOP and, as the authors note, practically incorporated the Democratic Party. In addition to the morass of economic contacts that he inherited, Rockefeller's indefatigability, toughness and use of threats and flattery contributed to his political longevity. While serving as the longest chief executive in New York State's history, Rockefeller's spending paralleled the tremendous rise of programs undertaken by the Great Society in Washington. Once he left for Washington and hard times forced tighter accountability in the state, the tenuous underpinning of Rockefeller's service was revealed. His bold statewide housing policy in the structure of the UDC (Urban Development Corporation) was based on the backdoor financing of "moral obligation" bonds, a borrowing trick similarly used by his political thorn in New York City, John Lindsay. Rockefeller's commitment to honesty in government was proven hollow by the ease in which nursing home czar Dr. Bernard Bergman and other influence peddlers in that industry waltzed through the executive offices. And the "revolutionaries" whom Rockefeller accused of leading the insurrection at Attica were found by the McKay Commission to represent instead, "a new breed of younger, more aware inmates, largely black . . . unwilling to accept the petty humiliations and racism that characterize prison life."

While this book in its scattered instead of targeted fashion takes up these events, three major aspects of Rockefeller's career are hardly treated or not treated at all. Rockefeller's divorce is, of course, mentioned but no insights are given as to why it came about or as to how Rockefeller, the perennial presidential contender, rationalized it away politically. Remember, when the event took place in 1961 it represented a stunning departure from what Americans expected of their political leaders.

Secondly, there is nothing here about Rockefeller's relationship with Henry Kissinger, the latter's name cited only three times in the index. Rockefeller, who first came on the political scene as a representative of Franklin Roosevelt in Latin America, commands wide experience in foreign policy. What attracted Rockefeller to Kissinger? What was Rockefeller's view of Kissinger's now discredited detente policy? How did Rockefeller accept being elbowed out of the foreign policy decision process by Kissinger during the Ford administration?

Finally, although this book refers to the vice presidency in its title, and an assessment of Rockefeller's performance in this office is in order, the authors only devote 14 pages to this aspect of his career. Most of the work instead focuses on his reign in Albany and his doomed presidential campaigns, material, it would appear, far less timely than his tenure as vice president.

One of the key factors in Rockefeller's longevity in Albany was the support he received from labor unions, particularly the construction unions as a result of his munificent construction schemes. Furthermore, much of Rockefeller's philanthropy was directed at Black institutions. It may come as a surprise, therefore, to those unfamiliar with Rockefeller's complex career that New York City labor leader Victor Gotbaum presents the following appraisal: "Rockefeller is a man with no ideology. He's not a guy who's turned his back on principles; he's never had any . . . Rockefeller is a tabula rasa; he's a clean slate. You can put anything on his table and if the mood of the times calls for it, he'll eat it and digest it."

The tragedy of Rockefeller's career is that he could have amounted to much more than an agile and persistent also-ran. Both as campaigner and office holder he had the charisma and energy to bring out the best in people. Bouncing back and forth from conventional ideology to conventional ideology, Rockefeller's strategy failed the test. Were his career not marred by this flaw, we will never know whether his dream would have been any more attainable. But at least he would have gained a more enduring place in history than as one of Delancey Street's most inveterate knish eaters.

Possessed by Satan

ADOLF RODEWYK, S.J.

Doubleday, $6.95

Hostage to the Devil

MALACHI MARTIN

Reader's Digest Press, $9.95

NORRIS MERCHANT

Apparently the psychology of witchcraft accusations regularly used to include projections of malice onto the socially disreputable. The verminous, or suspect, miscreant found herself laden with venomous resentments "good" and respectable people only dared express via displacements of hidden nihilism upon scorned sinners. Indeed, insights of Freud and Jung notwithstanding, even in the 20th century the Rev. Montague Summers unwittingly exposed the darker side of a deadly but putatively Christian mentality in his *History of Witchcraft* (1925).

With malignant delight, in rare ecclesiastical form, wielding a style that intertwined triumphant erudition with disdainful arrogance, Summers managed a breathtaking vindication of history's most baleful exterminations in the name of Christ. The Catharists were resurrected, only to be reflagellated and burned again in offering to unsatisfied Providence; certain hapless Gnostic antinomians were again set upon with an indignant brilliance; and Summers *doubly* anathematized the witches in retrospect, as having been dangerous heretic anarchists, for the most part deserving the Christian In-

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ferno they got. The elegant apostle only regretted his inability to lay inquisitorial hands on spiritualists, occultists, and other modern exemplars of a righteous priest's professional enemies. But secularization, and the demonic Enlightenment, had in the meantime intervened.

Meanwhile, when time made available the full range of our inquisitor's writings, it was most demonically enlightening to discover that Summers' own intrigue with Satanic liturgy was far more than academic; and, not surprisingly either, his Eros seems to have been of the kind that his own tortured piety "gave poison to drink" (as Nietzsche put it) and thus, typically, in an upsidedownwise transformation of longings into bitterness he passed on that poison to mankind in the form of an obsessive demonology. It happens in every age, though the dancing demons, in their allure, change faces to the inner victims who must damn them—or live.

With the publication of two *new* results of the perennial seductions of the realm of darkness, it has become chastening to discover how much *flavor* insolent certitude once imparted to *style*. A depreciation in sacerdotal grandeur accounts, perhaps, for a certain creeping naivete in Father Adolf Rodewyk's *Possessed by Satan*, published in Germany in 1963, and now translated. It is a long way back from this ingenuously defensive justification of exorcism to the *Malleus Maleficarum*, but one rather imagines the latter work to have been the superior one in sheer analysis, however malevolent.

Father Rodewyck, it is true, does his share of basic scriptural spadework in support of exorcism rites, however oblivious he is to the equally zealous Biblical justifications proffered on behalf of anti-witch terrorism, or in favor of exorcising diabolically induced thunderstorms (especially before Franklin's lightning rod brought an unwonted protection to church towers). But *levels* of interpretation of alleged phenomena are largely absent from Father Rodewyck's rendition. He simply recounts stock modern examples of possession (especially the Illfurth boys of Alsace, and two girls in South Africa whose experience conveys all too clearly the pre-Christian origin of their obsessions), mingled indiscriminately with frightening bits and pieces of hagiologic memoirs from scattered centuries. Such and such a saint had thus and such a tussle with devil or demon (succubi and the like having been gloriously excised from this up-to-date treatment of the Fiend), ending victoriously, sanctifiedly. When "possessed" (or obsessed) persons speak, it is always "the Devil" who comes through (sometimes, of course, as the result of a written pact), and Father Rodewyck appears willing to give him quite literal credit for every banal or impish remark with which, for centuries, the defeated and the pathetic have adorned the argot of an ecclesiastical underworld.

The dubious is here accepted as unquestioned fact, inner disintegration as a strident invasion of discarnate genies, while the reactionery Joseph von Görres rubs shoulders with Scaramelli (Venice, 1754) as muddy authorities on the 'mystical' connotations of such eruptions. Alternative theories to account for possession, when Father Rodewyck is aware of them, are hastily and curtly dismissed, that the author may at once return to his metaphysically overcast universe, slightly tinged with the lurking threat of heresies ready to incarnate. In another age it was a Jesuit whose whitened hair proclaimed his horror not at devils, but at those who crudely sought them in witches; but as for the author of *these* forebodings—no Friedrich von Spee, he.

If Thomas Mann was right, that the realm of the demonic involves the servility of high intelligence to the spiritually retrograde and obscurantist, then Dr. Malachi Martin would seem a slightly *more* qualified adjutant of things infernal; certainly his *Hostage to the Devil*, in its racily contemporary encounter with the diabolic, represents an advance over Father Rodewyck's odd scraps of learning. Martin has graphically rendered the capitulation of five living Americans to the procedures of ritual exorcism. The core of his material, purportedly tape recordings of actual exorcism proceedings, promises to occasion interesting reflections by theologians and psychiatrists, should it ever be released unadulterated. But few could read these briskly partisan transcriptions without suspecting the transgression of a certain expectable artistic license—after all, hasn't *The Exorcist* generated a ready audience for demonologic drama?—in the direction of ideological mayhem.

Four out of Martin's five victims represent, it would seem, types of 'heresy' obviously grating to the author, providing him an opportunity not only for a propaganda attack on "hell" and its emissaries (the epigoni of Teilhard de Chardin, and the like), but also an opening for exorcising his philosophical *bêtes-noires* right out of the church. Potential troublemakers, take note: it's all manifest, right there on the tapes (we cannot believe that Dr. Martin could ever release them without being impeached)—the sad defeat by the Devil of the overexuberant young priest follower of Teilhard de Chardin; the horrible end of a feckless girl who once brazenly questioned certain Aristotelian ontologic rigidities in her philosophy class—and invited the guest of guilt into a Catholic conscience?—; the transsexual who sundered his soul, in a no man's land where as yet there is a void of maps (and Dr. Martin and *his* devils are determined there shall ever be that void); the parapsychologist who tampered with spiritual borderzones and aroused the suspicions of a torpid but anguished priest who could admit no shadings (and here, enthusiasts for Eastern religion likewise get their comeuppance, for the Devil also sponsors pantheistic inclinations).

In this book's world, conformity is of the essence of the spiritual, and traditional stolid belief, airtight but never self-interrogating, is justified in foisting off "the Devil" onto those weak souls who break down, in trying to break forth. Eventually of course

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the divided ones submit—to various alarmed relatives and threatened metaphysicians—and take their exorcism. The "Devil," or devils, pour forth, as per expectation, and everyone is malignly reconfirmed in a somnolent and terrified conservatism, *more* stuporous in fact than before.

Thus, the Devil's truly ironic victories.

Any resemblance, of course, to "the Devil," as represented by probing Christian analysts of evil and the diabolic, like Denis de Rougement (*The Devil's Share*) or to such notoriously evil-aware souls as Kierkegaard, or Reinhold Niebuhr, is purely accidental. Any analogy, in the content of Martin's scarifying reflections, to a complexity of thought, or philosophically adept insight, is unintended and rendered absurdist. (The illuminating suggestions of Teilhard on this problem have already been dismissed as part *of the illness.*)

On the other hand, a definite parallel with the tactics of orthodox psychoanalysis exists: the weakened victim, invaded by "the Devil" and his angels, easily compares to the socially dislocated sick mind, who turns for relief to the self-assured professional. In both instances the professional's handy vademecum contains a certified ideology to explain the invalidated one's derailment. The battle of wills is hence disguised as war between light and darkness. The priest, like the doctor, knows he can or *should* win, as he possesses the appropriate exorcistic key. He wields the metaphysical open sesame. As for the possessed—or the patient—his position has been rendered untenable by his submission—on the couch, or before bell, book, and candle. His whole being now has only to undergo the final rite of total surrender to another cosmos of values, in spite of the lingering cries of an alternative reality wailing obscenely in the final stages of their ugly expulsion (or exorcism), leaving both doctor-priest and victim-survivor somewhat invalided at core, it would seem. Necessarily so, for who can play at such ruthless Manichean metaphysics without suppressing his doubts, his own legitimate shadow side?

One longs in reading these novelistic-type accounts of fatal obsessions and devil indoctrinations, to call out Eliot's line from *Ash Wednesday:* "Let the other yew be shaken, and reply." But alas, to Dr. Martin or Father Rodewyck, the "other yew" is not to be allowed its time in court. It is rather to be driven forth in scorn and shame. It is Absolute Evil, localized, and none so Publican as to claim that he too is a more than vulnerable human being and thus entitled to such scandalous presumption as daring to allow that evil has been tentatively objectified inside another person. But one knows, of course, Martin would reply, in the language of arsons at their *autos-da-fe,* or of the needlers of witches: "This hurts me more than it does you." (And indeed, it frequently does, according to these accounts; a brash adventure on uncharted psychic seas, exorcism calls for a suicidal heroism.) Such mockery of the Evangel has, before, rightfully brought Christianity to discredit; and it is as distant from the instantaneous healing activities reported in the Gospels as Voodoo is distant from a loving glance.

That the church should continue to tolerate these proceedings suggests the need of a more legitimate exorcism—at the highest levels: of manuals, and rites, of theological guides too clearly "possessed," themselves, by reports of a supposedly objectivized evil and by projections and fears, and the language of a childishly sundered universe—clearcut ontological good, versus evil, in transparently intelligible combat.

Dr. Martin never seems to ask why, as he so naively discloses, the work of priest-exorcist appears not to be the vocation of the saintly or the learned, the original or the outstanding. Why are "solid" mediocrities to the fore, and even these seldom emerge unscathed from the simplistic drama? Apparently because, as de Rougement suggested, in another place, it is the "solid," so often imagining they have the Devil by the tail in some notorious criminal or fallen innovator, who, historically, have been all the more easily betrayed into becoming that "Devil's" unself-reflecting accomplices: obedience turning into an unacknowledged rampart of hate, and unquestioning faith itself the parapet of a vengeful heresy-hunting.

Martin's scenario may in fact be the model of a kind of reporting not only non-scientific, but anti-scientific — in spite of the "tapes." The so-called recordings have been so mischievously interpreted, and supplied with prejudicial scenery and moralistic foreground that the raw facts are difficult to reconstruct. Instead, what emerges is a chilling spiritual thriller with disturbing appeal—especially, one would think, to the Devil's fans. Those who delight in Gothic evil, updated, in souls twisted or gnarled by self-division, set upon by hero-priests on a spiritual *kamikaze* mission, will find the tales absorbing. But anyone interested in the deeper issues will long impenitently for a terse and precise report, founded on a broader vision of life than that which would justify a vapid Christian counter-intelligence network, in its gruesome exorcistic mission to expel metaphysical subversion.

Medical Nemesis: The Expropriation of Health

IVAN ILLICH

Pantheon, $8.95

DONALD P. WARWICK

Ivan Illich has become an ambulatory antibody, relentlessly combating the antigens of over-blown and self-serving social institutions. When I first met him in 1962 he was busy immunizing American Catholic missionaries against the toxic evangelism of their Church and country. From there he moved to the bureaucratized Church more generally, school systems, transportation, and the follies of the media and development models.

With a barrage of footnotes and considerable malice aforethought, *Medical Nemesis* applies the same anti-institutional paradigm to the medical estab-

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lishment. Illich argues that health care has become sickening, and that its ills are coupled to those spawned by industrialization. The book's pivotal concept is *iatrogenesis,* diseases traceable to physicians and the surrounding health system. There are three varieties: clinical, social, and cultural.

Clinical iatrogenesis comprises the pain, sickness, and death inflicted by doctors, nurses, hospitals, and dangerous drugs. Carl Sandburg captured the essential idea in his line: "I took so much medicine I was sick a long time after I got well." Not given to understatement, the book claims that the damage produced by medical interventions now rivals the morbidity due to traffic, industrial accidents, and war. Social iatrogenesis, in turn, is disease arising from the over-medicalization of life, especially from an excessive dependency on professional diagnosis and treatment. Illich deftly shows how the medics have won monopolistic control over definitions of health and illness as well as socially approved cures. Simultaneously, through the democratization of medicine and the spread of consumerism in health-care, people have come to regard ever more specialized medical services as a basic human right. The net result is "a morbid society that demands universal medicalization and a medical establishment that certifies universal morbidity."

Cultural iatrogenesis sets in when the medical enterprise saps the ability of people to deal with the vital experiences of pain, sickness, and death. The industrial civilization, Illich claims, is designed to kill pain, eliminate disease and, worst of all, stave off a personal, non-institutionalized response to death. Caught in the grip of medical machinations and the larger ethos of technique, man fears to be autonomous when faced with suffering, impairment, and dying. Instead he wants his reactions to be engineered by the health managers.

Illich links all three forms of iatrogenesis to industrialization. Although the logic is vague and the evidence even more so, the argument runs as follows. Industrialization breeds unbounded desires for material progress, ravages the time-honored mechanisms of health care in traditional societies, and places a premium on technical answers to personal problems. The industrial mentality shatters the mythical framework of limits to unchecked desires and substitutes a cheery faith in engineered solutions to mad dreams. This mind-set carries over to medicine, where in a perverse conspiracy doctors hold out and patients demand a constantly improved medical product. The resulting interaction produces the monster of medical nemesis, the step-child of a more encompassing industrial nemesis.

Medical Nemesis is long on diagnosis and short on treatment. Knowing full well that if he issued specific prescriptions he would be impaled on the nearest lancet, Illich heads for the high road of legislative nostrums, homilies on self-responsibiiity, and jeremiads on our industrial civilization. Someone, of course, should pass laws to break the stranglehold of the medical mafia and give the public a voice in the selection of their healers. But Illich fails to realize that even non-medical regulatory bodies, which are usually headed by lawyers, have their own bureaucratic inertia and pathologies. Do we really need a new monster to tame the old?

When the book does descend to particulars, it wiggles, wobbles, and waffles to eschew concreteness. Illich says: "The new tricks that have frequent application are so simple that the last generation of grandmothers would have learned them long ago had they not been browbeaten into incompetency by medical mystification." But nowhere does he tell granny or us what these simple tricks are. Elsewhere he writes: ". . . the price of what is significantly health-furthering in Canadian medicine is so low that these same resources could be made available to the entire population of India for the money now squandered there on modern medicine." As a recent resident of Canada I was curious to learn what the government and I had been missing for five years, but again drew a blank. Now either Illich knows and is not telling or he is an iatrogenic windbag. If the former

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he joins the doctors in being "monopoly custodians of scarce and precious knowledge." After the grand intimations, his silence places him in the enviable position of meta-medical messiah, holding the keys to a new kingdom of health care.

The book's one concrete proposal is that governments lift all restrictions on addictive, dangerous, or useless drugs and procedures, shifting the burden for their use onto the sick person or his kinsmen. Following an earlier diatribe against the mortality and morbidity wrought by the pharmaceutical invasion, this suggestion seems both curious and irresponsible. Illich documents in vivid detail how manufacturers dump outdated, surplus, or flawed drugs into overseas pharmacies, and continue to push lucrative products such as Chloramphenicol after they have been proven lethal. Further, consumerism at home and abroad everywhere fuels mounting demands for new and better medications. Culture also plays a part. In Latin America and Thailand one could peddle almost any remedy administered by needle. Given expandable supply and increasing demand, together with the difficulties faced even by physicians in understanding what drugs do, one wonders how the sick layman is to cope. Short of fairly intensive training, how is the ordinary person to know the correct usage and dangerous side-effects of the thousands of products now available, not to mention the complex interactions seen, for example, between heparin and barbiturates. Some of these questions, such as the interaction problem, are only now being studied in any depth. The present medicalization of drugs obviously has its perils, but it is far from clear that de-medicalization would be a boon to health.

As in the sociology of knowledge, the danger with Illich's search for higher-order institutional effects is that the process is interminable. Applying his own model to *Medical Nemesis*, we could add a fourth level: critical iatrogenesis. This is the sense of unease growing out of a generalized suspicion of medicine and its practitioners. By implying that the medical establishment is a prime source of social evil and that from birth to death doctors contaminate nearly every sphere of modern life, the book could kindle new anxiety for an already fretful world. If we take Illich seriously, when we go to the hospital we should now worry not only about whether the doctor will kill us, take out the wrong kidney, or sew in a sponge, but whether our very presence there betokens an abject capitulation to professional hoodlums, an abdication of personal responsibility for pain, suffering, or death, and a craven sell-out to medical consumerism. By reinforcing the already strong sense that we have been had and can trust no one, not even the family doctor, the book may be aggravating the very maladies it decries.

Overall *Medical Nemesis* is ingenious, flawed, irritating, challenging, broad-ranging, narrow-minded, glib, insightful, and altogether worth reading. There are few today who can execute a polemic with the rhetorical flourish, gusto, and sheer malice of Ivan Illich. The 556 footnotes are in themselves a dazzling *oeuvre* of multi-lingual bits and pieces. Illich can rightly be charged with marshaling rather than weighing evidence, but it is a thoroughly delightful process to watch. For a work addressed to the layman in medicine, the book at times outdoes the doctors in terminological mystification, as in this gem: "the idea of health-as-freedom has to restrict the total output of health services within subiatrogenic limits that maximize the synergy of autonomous and heteronomous modes of health production." Long-time Illich watchers will also find the familiar metaphors that have become his stock-in-trade: the doctor as priest, the medical establishment as church, professional ministrations as magic, ritual, and liturgy, and other ecclesiastical carry-overs. The author can be forgiven both the jargon and the passages of formula-writing for, as educators and doctors have found, it is difficult to encapsulate complex problems in simple language and to handle analogous situations with varying vocabulary. Could it be, though, that Ivan Illich is becoming—dare we say it—professionalized?

REVIEWERS

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World Of Our Fathers

IRVING HOWE

(with the assistance of Kenneth Libo)

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95

RICHARD L. SCHOENWALD

What is the essence of Judaism? In ages before ours, Judaism meant that you testified to the existence, the power and the righteousness of God in as much as your daily life as you could manage. You were not alone: you lived with others in a community aimed at total holiness; you watched them, they watched you, each supported and goaded his neighbor in carrying out the virtual infinity of prescribed deeds which for Jews replaced creeds.

In the *shtetl*, the eastern European small town with a heavy Jewish population, life meant struggling to exist in poverty for many, in the face of the outside world's hostility to most. God had promised a glorious future to the Jews, some time, somehow, if only they continued to do all that He had commanded them. *Them*—on them He laid the burden, the yoke of carrying out His law, because only by the evidence of their conduct would the rest of the scornful and scurrying world understand that He existed.

As Irving Howe has observed, time floated in the *shtetl*. Past and present blended into an amalgam: that which

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must be gotten through. A decision by a sixteenth century rabbi clearly would stand as valid in the nineteenth given the fundamental assumption that all time, all the past, would be discarded one day. Blight and suffering, then, now, once upon a time, would pass away when a great new age broke upon the world. Hope resided with the Messiah, the all-subduing redeemer who would bring at last triumph to the Jews.

With such hope, much in the way of torment could be borne, many human dreams and passions could be foregone. This vision of holiness, lived out because redemption would come soon, vanished in the face of increasing violence directed against the Jewish communities as Russian autocracy rigidified in the nineteenth century. The vision also fell victim to economic crisis: a nascent Russian middle class began to push Jews from many occupational footings, and Jews displaced from the *shtetl* exchanged one misery for another as they became proletarians in Warsaw or Lodz. Finally, enlightenment in the form of smatterings of knowledge about science, literature, philosophy started to sap the structure built in order that life should manifoldly embody faith.

It is a good point, one made earlier by Oscar Handlin and now also by Howe, that Jews did not leave Russia only to escape conscription or to scoop up wealth lying beside the American streets paved with gold. Many of these Jews had come to feel that the cost of living for God, at least in a *shtetl*, was too great. Too many human possibilities, too many pleasures, too much stretching of human capacities had to be denied and abandoned. They wanted to exchange the world of tradition, heartfeltly opposed to change—for what?

They hardly knew, but they came. Howe has recreated their struggle to learn some English, their fight to squeeze out a subsistence, their skirmishing to maintain an anciently cramped family life against modern seductive openness. Very wisely, Howe returns repeatedly to the question of morale: "What kept these people going was that most families had more than one worker, that they were well trained in the arts of self-denial, that they lived by a goal of expectation that gave some meaning to deprivations of the moment."

The book's title promises too much, and so does the subtitle which appears on the jacket though not on the title page: The Journey of the East European Jews to America and the Life They Found and Made. In fact, the title announced for the book's English edition is much more accurate: The Immigrant Jews of New York 1880-1922. (Important material on many areas, especially "The Culture of Yiddish," does go well beyond 1922. In addition, the final chapters trace the "Journeys Outward" of Jewish comedians, artists, writers and intellectuals after 1922, and ask whether Jews even now are "At Ease in America?") Howe's assumption that a fundamentally similar experience proved to be the fate of Jews in other large American cities overreaches the realities of Jewish history in America as they are now grasped. Oh yes, in other cities there are the moves from areas of first settlement like the East Side to second resting places like the Bronx, and then the suburbs . . . but New York was the *biggest*, always *crowded*, an unequaled and unrivaled cultural center, a cauldron for stoking up modernity. The other cities? Lesser vessels, hissing and bubbling, none a metropolitan conjunction of inferno, purgatory, and paradise . . .

A part of the story of New York is already familiar. Howe acknowledges the pioneering book by Moses Rischin, *The Promised City*, and from that work he has gone forward creating a rich web of analysis, anecdote, and quotation. He studies segments of lives under topical headings (education, unions, sex and family, socialism and politics, culture). In part, Howe has overcome the sense of fragmentation which must result by inserting compact yet fascinating sketches of the lives which important individuals managed to hammer out—Belle Moskowitz, Al Smith's close adviser; Morris Hillquit, the Socialist leader; Abraham Cahan, editor of *The Jewish Daily Forward.*

Howe commands the words, the style, a delicate sureness of touch which make a reader want to follow his treatment of tough subjects: political infighting, squabbles among trade union leaders, new material on shifts in occupations derived from the work of a contemporary historian as quantitatively sophisticated as Herbert Gutman, the complex analysis of moral issues such as the survival under bitter stress of *menshlichkeit*—the feeling that the people around you are your brothers, and to them you owe brotherliness as you all struggle on. Yiddish

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literature created in America emerges from Howe's presentation as a treasure whose ignoring a cultivated person can no longer tolerate. (The anthologies of translations edited by Howe and Eliezer Greenberg form an excellent foundation for first acquaintance. Anyone searching out meaning in the Holocaust, for example, simply cannot content himself with the writers in "major" languages surveyed in Lawrence Langer's recent *The Holocaust and the Literary Imagination.*)

Howe's decades of literary work as an outstanding critic and a skillful editor have fused with his deep gratitude at being an heir of the East Side to yield the vision which shapes and stamps this book. Howe is a writer. "Professor of English" labels him far too narrowly. "Man of letters," a term by which he has been linked to Edmund Wilson, suggests too much the single lonely toiler. Wilson accepted bits of help, on *Patriotic Gore*, for instance, but usually *he* read, read, read. Howe's recognition of the importance of his several research assistants (one is named on the title page) suggests that the time of the man of letters is passing. The hour may be upon us of the writer whose insights into vast subjects must lead him to call upon others for aid if these great themes are to receive the expounding they need.

No one will need to create again the fullness of record and commentary fashioned in this book by Howe. It does lack the sharply enlightening conceptual power of Nathan Glazer's *American Judaism*, and it is devoid of the throbbing, unrelenting lyrical and dramatic intensity of Oscar Handlin's *The Uprooted.* (Each of these has appeared in the last few years in an enlarged second edition whose new material continues to justify what I have said.) Howe both preserves and probes nobility, perseverance, and meanness, to the end that some answers may arise to questions which have beset American Jews. Answers seem needed even more desperately by today's young Jews: how did you, our immigrant mothers and fathers, survive both want and plenty? How did you, our immigrant mothers and fathers, bring to us from the old world a hankering for values beyond riches, a sense for prices by which to judge the costs of this new world?

> *Ultimately, the problem of Yiddish theatre was a problem of the audience. There were immigrants flushed with the sentiments of Tolstoy and Turgenev, immigrants who had never before seen a stage production . . ., immigrants who found the very thought of theatre a desecration, and immigrants happy to sacrifice a meal in order to see their favorite on opening night. We have endless stories—and by now who can tell which are true?—about the ingenuous fervor of these audiences. . . . [A]t a performance of* The Jewish King Lear *a man in the theatre . . . ran down the aisle and shouted, 'To hell with your stingy daughter, Yankl! She has a stone, not a heart. Spit on her, Yankl, and come with me. My* yidene *[Jewess, wife] will feed you. Come, Yankl, may she choke, that rotten daughter of yours.'*
>
> —World of Our Fathers

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 547)

Americans were caught by surprise in the Angolan crisis.

Joseph P. Carney has written a brilliant article calling on his fellow Americans to reflect in this bicentennial year on why the United States was allied to South Africa in the Angolan crisis [Apr. 9]. The United States, born out of a revolution should not be hostile to those who are fighting revolutions to be free just as the Americans were called to arms in 1775 to fight a revolution to be free.

As Carney has vividly illustrated in his article, Africans are baffled when they continue to see the United States allying itself with those people whose actions run in contradiction with the

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American Declaration of Independence. The South African and Rhodesian régimes represent, as Carney puts it "the historical embodiment of the long-endured racial, economic and political oppression in the area of Southern Africa."

The United States officials have made numerous pronouncements in the attempt to display their concern of the plight of the Africans in Southern Africa. But, as Carney says, it is not pronouncements that Africans look for, it is deeds, actions. The United States under the Byrd Amendment continues to import chrome from Rhodesia. The United States continues to refuse to recognize the Government of the People's Republic of Angola. The United States continues to give comfort to the régimes of Southern Africa.

In this Bicentennial Year, as the Americans reflect on their human freedoms in their Declaration of Independence Joseph P. Carney is calling upon them to reflect on the meaning of *freedom*. It is not only Americans who love to be free. Africans too love *freedom* and are prepared to die for it.

LEONARD T. KAPUNGU

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

That was strange enough, but even more strange and more significant perhaps, were the receptions in New York and Boston—especially Boston. They loved her in rancorous strife-torn, ethnic Boston. They sat for hours on hard pavements or stood waiting for her to appear. They said it was worth it. Interviewed on television, black and Spanish-speaking, Italians from the north end, Jews and the Irish—they said it was worth it.

Was her rueful humorous acceptance of that revolution long ago a symbol of the fact that division becomes differentiation after awhile? Or was she the living symbol of our frail union—the ideals couched and shaped better in the language we share and no other?

As I say, I don't think we can know or explain these things in any logical way. But we know that something happened in that fortnight around the Fourth of July. It was something which made a better future seem possible. "If we are to see things in their perspective, we need to understand (our past) as well as our present. That is why an understanding of myths and symbols is of essential importance." We don't quite know what our healing myths are but they are necessary for our health as a nation. Perhaps, as we finger and turn over the elements of our revived dream, we may get an inkling of what they are.

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Steinfels (Cont.)

books on sexual techniques reinforces the analogy." Of the proliferation and pervasiveness of periodicals like *Playboy* and *Penthouse*: "Such periodicals are beginning to achieve a kind of respectability and are not too slowly moving into the picture of the normal American home, along with the *Reader's Digest*, cola beverages, contraceptive pills, laxatives, instant coffee, and stuff to make the floor shine."

The strategy works: having announced a "revolution in sexual mores," and a whole series of world-historical questions that hang on this revolution, Cameron now deflates the actual occurence by assimilating it to suburban consumerism: to chewing gum, gourmet shops, *Reader's Digest*, instant coffee, and stuff to make the floor shine. None of which, we may feel confident, are matters of much concern to the reviewer; nor, for that matter, to us, the readers.

Cameron is not fooling about the great questions that are posed, about "how far the revolution has added to human happiness or misery, . . . what the effects on civilization or culture will be; . . . what we are now to think of what has been, in the matter of sexual morality, the central tradition of our culture . . . from Deuteronomy." He does write with his usual moral seriousness; in fact his review is a display of moral argument to which I would like to return in a future column (along with the argument of another excellent and somewhat parallel review, that by Dennis O'Brien, which appeared in these pages last June). But for all his concern with the outcome of this revolution, there is no hint that the revolution itself has meant anything for him, no more than chewing gum and stuff to make the floor shine.

Perhaps this is truly the case, making J. M. Cameron a most unusual and unrepresentative man. Far more likely this is a stance which he has adopted and which he rhetorically invites his readers to adopt with him. "One is determined above all else not to be impressed."

The stance has its merits. In particular it encourages the calm and the judicious view, which is what Cameron admires in Trilling; and it discourages the breathless and the credulous, which is what he finds in several books under review. But it is also a low-risk strategy. The brightest will not be bold. They will stay at one remove; they will write about the sexual revolution, about sex itself, as though it is something which comes to them in books and newspaper reports. There have been exceptions: one thinks of Norman Mailer and Paul Goodman, who risked looking foolish, and perhaps added little to our understanding in the process. Yet there is much that is excluded by the detached, play-it-safe attitude. The air of being unimpressed ultimately renders the arguments, whatever they may be, something less than persuasive. Our failure to think well about the "revolution in sexual mores" is normally attributed to an uncritically accepting attitude on the part of the intellectuals. I wonder whether part of the story might also be the cautious distance, and sometimes superior detachment, that the best among them have often affected to take from the subject.

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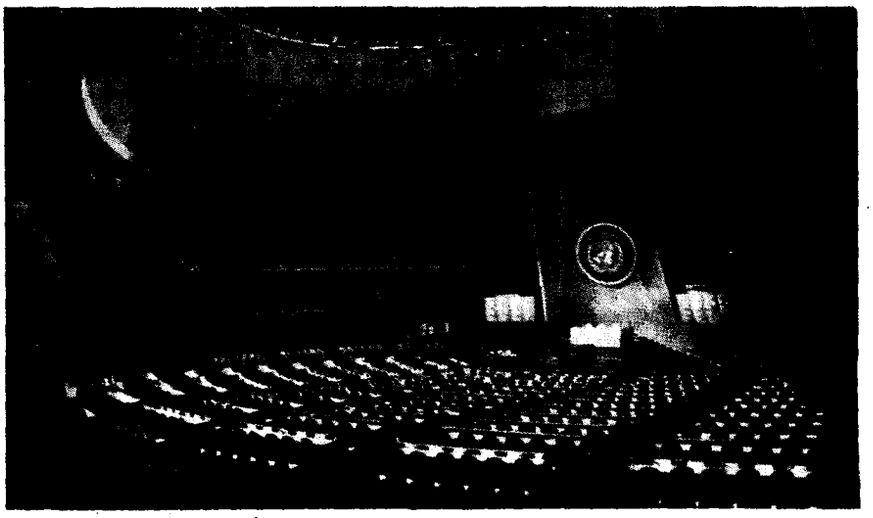

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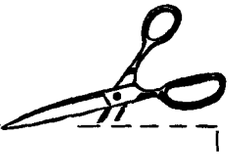

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